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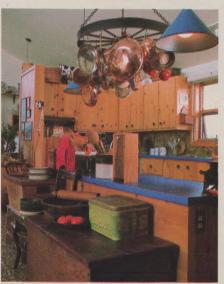


COVER STORY

Acadian writer Antonine Maillet travels around the world but always returns to her Bouctouche lighthouse for cultural and spiritual renewal.

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COVER PHOTO BY ALBERT LEE



HOMES

Renovating? Looking for energy-saving tips? Want to know what you need to know before buying an older house? Check our handy pull-out section for all this and more.

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PROFILE

Elizabeth Weir is the new leader of the NDP in New Brunswick and she now starts the long process of making inroads in a province dominated by Liberals.





FOOD

There are many pleasures for the palate on a farm vacation in early fall. One of the most irresistible is breakfast, starting with mouth-watering apple pancakes.

FLASHBACK

The "Bullet" has chugged its last mile across Newfoundland but even before it was gone, it was fondly remembered: a true legend in its own time. **PAGE 60**

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Preserving downtown

n a warm sunny afternoon a few weeks ago, I was doing a little shopping in Truro. I haven't been into Truro for five years or more, and I was surprised at what a lively downtown it has and how enjoyable it is to visit.

Truro's downtown area has a wide range of stores, the kind that small towns always had — a large grocery store right in the heart of things, a real hardware store, and a variety of locally-owned shops.

A little farther along Nova Scotia's 104 highway is New Glasgow. Its downtown has had its own locally-owned department store like Truro, some of the standard chain stores like Zellers and the Met, a Canadian Tire, and the usual mix of retailers. But the contrast with Truro is startling, because today New Glasgow's downtown is dying. There are empty buildings everywhere, and almost no one on the sidewalks.

The reason for the difference between the two towns is simple: killer malls. Big regional shopping centres which have invaded so many of the towns and cities of this part of Canada have made mincemeat out of downtown New Glasgow. The people are out in the malls, shopping at Radio Shack and Tip Top and the other national chain stores that line up along the mall corridors.

In the movies, alien beings (like killer malls) arrive, usually for no apparent reason, from outer space. Mere humans are often powerless to do anything except watch as the visitors do their damage.

In real life, killer malls don't just arrive; they are invited, promoted, supported and encouraged by the local politicians, developers and business people who usually play a very large role in local political life.

When the developers of the malls are making their case, they stress the millions of dollars of new assessment they represent for the town's tax rolls. They count up the number of people who will be employed in the mall stores, and say that the mall will generate that number of jobs.

Although the cities have their own special shopping problems, it's the towns which have suffered most from the negative effects of the killer malls that were pooh-poohed or ignored or down-played five or ten or 15 years ago when the malls were being built. It turns out that the new stores in the malls don't somehow magically generate new sales for local business; instead, business gets redistributed between established local

retailers and the new outlets.

Nor did the new stores add to the number of jobs in the community. Jobs opened up in the new stores, but jobs were lost as the old ones shut down.

Eight or ten years ago, killer malls were controversial in this region. Legislation was discussed, provincial government programs to protect and promote main street areas started, and in P.E.I. there was even a royal commission which led to tighter regulation of shopping centre construction on the Island. The means and methods of slowing down the invasion of the killer malls were known and discussed, but rarely used.

In fact what happened was a large-scale, irreversible social experiment. Most towns in the Maritimes and Newfoundland went ahead with big mall projects. Most local politicians and local residents voted for new stores, more stores, more jobs, more variety, a temporary boost to local construction — and forgot about the other consequences, which were at least as certain and as predictable.

Ten years later, to decide who was right about the killer malls, all you have to do is visit the two nearby towns of Truro and New Glasgow on a pleasant sunny afternoon.

Why the difference? Truro staved off the killer malls; New Glasgow welcomed them with open arms. Of course Truro has shopping malls as well as its downtown, but in Truro's case the scale of the malls was such that the downtown could survive — and even prosper with the help of some support from the province's Mainstreet program.

I'm sure that there are some people in Pictou County who prefer the new kind of shopping and the new kind of downtown to the old one, but I'd bet that there are many more who — if they could reverse history — would prefer the kind of genuine town centre and the mix of stores they used to have. The tragic thing about the malls is that you only get to choose once. Someday, perhaps, the people of Truro will decide they'd rather have a great big shopping centre instead of the downtown they have right now. But I hope they don't. As one of the few towns in the region that has a lively, healthy downtown, I hope that the people, planners and local politicians of Truro will ensure that they keep their shopping malls under strict controls so that we have one convincing example of how diverse and appealing a successful small town's downtown can be. - James Lorimer

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FEEDBACK

Newfie folk tradition

In reply to your readers from Malaysia, False ranting and roaring, Feedback (May'88) who were upset over the alleged piracy of our much loved Newfie folk song, The Ryans and the Pittmans, let me quote folklorist Edith Fowke in her book Canadian Folk Songs:

'This rollicking tale of a young fisherman's love affairs is a Newfoundland offshoot of the widely known English capstan shanty Spanish Ladies. Pacific whalermen later re-made it to tell of the 'Talcahuano Girls' with a chorus: 'We'll rant and we'll roar like true Huasco whalermen,' and Australian drovers sang their farewell to the 'Brisbane Ladies.' The Newfoundland version has borrowed four verses from the whalers' song; the remaining verses about Bob Pittman and his courtship were composed around 1875 by W.H. Messurier...

Over the centuries, the folk tradition has relied heavily on the borrowing of lyrics, tunes and themes from our rich legacy of music that came from the British Isles (especially Ireland) and France. The superior songs stood the test of time, the inferior versions fading into obscurity.

Unfortunately, the mechanism that helped to create most of our best loved songs has been critically wounded by copyright laws and the changes in our lives brought about by exposure to modern day American culture through radio and television.

> Ron Jessulat Bathurst, N.B.

Malnutrition in welfare communities

What Ralph Surette is describing in Practising benign neglect, (July'88) is quite prevalent in welfare communities. As a pediatrician, I see many children with various types and degrees of malnutrition.

It may even be more prevalent in families with incomes just above the welfare level. People on welfare at least get free vitamins and fluoride (in N.B.). They may even get special formulas in N.B.

I find it especially funny when people who receive government grants and spend them on non-viable projects, call the welfare recipients lazy, shiftless, etc.

Dr. E. Paras Saint John, N.B.

Bruce gets it right

Harry Bruce's column Getting it all wrong (May'88) struck a very familiar chord...

The problem of incorrect reportage is far more widespread and frequent than his article suggests...

In my own region we were visited by the moderator of the United Church of Canada, Dr. Anne Squire, but her name was repeatedly misspelled in coverage as



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"Squires." That same month Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands landed in Labrador en route to her official visit to Canada and local CBC reported that she was accompanied by her husband, Prince Bernhard. In truth, of course, the person of that name is her father.

An official communiqué from minister of transport John Crosbie's office was recently careless enough to name a local organization as a development corporation, when it is more correctly a regional development association. We in Labrador regularly have to correct confusion between reporting on Innu and Inuit events — two separate racial groups in

the region.

And what of that old dandy, the "Province of Newfoundland and Labrador," which turns up everywhere, and yet doesn't exist? Even government documents make incredible errors on this score, including no less than the department of external affairs in a recent brochure. The Province of Newfoundland was created in 1949 under the Terms of Union with Canada; it could never be altered without the consent of sister provinces. The Government of Newfoundland and Labrador was retitled by the Smallwood government in the mid '60s and remains as such today. The two are not the same, and not to be confused.

Perhaps more pertinent to Mr. Bruce's comments, Mr. Justice Estey severely admonished the whole national media for recycling an erroneous statement from a reporter that, having retired from the Supreme Court, he was "turning his back on the law." Nothing of the sort, said Estey, with some irritation. He was turning his back on the practice of law, as he had already clearly stated in public: something totally different. Recycling of errors is another sad element in this shod-

dy scene.

"Once published," said Borden Sears, distinguished Canadian writer and editor, "a statement becomes a 'fact,' and a garbled statistic or inaccurate attribution is perpetuated." Who remembers H.L. Mencken's bathtub hoax article, where "a decadent menace to society" was reprocessed across the continent?

And finally, Mr. Bruce, the matter of apologies, after mistakes have been made. We sometimes have corrections in daily and weekly national press, and very occasionally even in our error-ridden CBC. Sometimes, but not often enough. (How about the Senate being reported as outside of Parliament, rather than part of it? — a recent howler on national radio.) But how often do we ever see decent courteous apologies being made, clearly and in print to both victim and public? Only, I suggest, when under the threat of litigation.

Keep it up with your colleagues, Mr. Bruce. You've barely scratched the

surface.

Susan Felsberg Goose Bay, Nfld.

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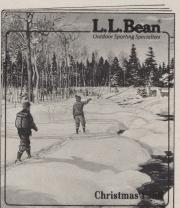
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Justice for all ideal suffering in New Brunswick

The Liberal government decided the legal aid program was inadequate — so they axed it instead of increasing it

he New Bruwnswick Law Foundation, an independent organization, came to the aid of poor people when their access to the legal system was abruptly discontinued last spring.

In April, Frank McKenna's Liberal government cut funds for legal aid saying the \$500,000 program wasn't nearly enough to do the job properly, and the province could not afford to support a

full-scale legal aid program.

The decision to cut legal aid made New Brunswick the only province in Canada without such a program. Many people were outraged saying the action contradicted the Charter of Rights and Freedoms which clearly states that, "every individual is equal before and under the law and has the right to equal protection and equal benefit of the law..."

An ad hoc committee of concerned citizens, women's groups, professionals and community workers which organized in Moncton shortly after the announcement, soon spread province-wide.

"Having access to the legal system should not depend on an individual's economic status. It's unacceptable that people in need of legal assistance, often poor women in need of custody protection and child support, have nowhere to go," says Moncton lawyer, Michael Bray, one of the organizers of Access to Justice.

The public outcry didn't do much to soften the government's heart. If New Brunswick wanted a legal aid program, the funds would have to be found elsewhere. The finger of responsibility was pointed squarely at the Law Foundation.

The decision of the Law Foundation to give \$250,000 for emergency civil legal aid was welcomed by New Brunswick's minister of justice, James Lockyer because only those with real need would have access to the legal system. In the past legal aid funds have reportedly gone to some people in the upper-middle income brackets.

The emergency funds would be used only in cases of extreme family violence. Battered women or sexually abused children were usually given as examples of extreme cases.

The news was some comfort to women's groups but Rosella Melanson, a spokesperson for the New Brunswick Advisory Council on the Status of Women says many are concerned that the money won't go far enough.

"Last year there were 1,644 completed civil legal aid cases in New Brunswick. Over three-quarters of those cases related to family matters. Now there are funds for only 170 certificates for the whole province. That means a lot of women in this province are going to be denied the right to any kind of help from the legal system. And anyone needing assistance for nonfamily civil cases, such as debt and bankruptcy or landlord and tenant disputes is simply out of luck."



McGinley: hard decision in austere times

Melanson says the budget cuts are in sharp contrast to other provinces where civil legal aid budgets have generally been increased.

The legal aid program in New Brunswick has been on the decline since its first full year of operation in 1982'83 when it got off to a fairly healthy start with a budget of more than \$1.2 million. Each succeeding year the funds have been cut, making Ed McGinley's job more difficult. He is the provincial director of legal aid and the responsibility of deciding who receives funding falls on his shoulders.

"When you sit with cases like this in

front of you, day in and day out, having to decide which is the most deserving always with the knowledge that violence is involved, you can only do the best you can with what you have. You have to try and apply everyday common sense to it."

McGinley has no idea how far the money will go. "Your guess is as good as mine how long that little bit of money will last. When what we had wasn't enough, what we have now is ridiculous."

There's another problem. Certificates are limited to legal fees of no more than \$1,000. If the fee goes above \$1,000, the lawyer handling the case will be working for nothing. "It doesn't give lawyers much of an incentive to take on legal aid cases" says McGinley

cases," says McGinley.

However, compared to some other provinces, New Brunswick lawyers have had it easy. In Ontario, for example, every lawyer is obliged to donate \$175 to the legal aid program. New Brunswick lawyers have never been asked to make that kind of commitment but that may change in the future.

The treasurer of the Law Society, which currently administers the legal aid fund, doesn't like comparing New Brunswick's system to Ontario's. "Ontario has a Cadillac system," says David Lutz. "What we have now in New Brunswick is a bicycle, where we used to have a motor scooter."

The idea of lawyers themselves funding legal aid may not sit well, says Lutz. "Most lawyers in New Brunswick consider legal aid to be a government sponsored program, similar to N.B. Housing. If the government wants us to have a new program, then they will have to pay for it."

The McKenna government doesn't agree. "The time is past to expect the government to accept all the responsibility," says James Lockyer. "Society as a whole has to find more creative ways to

provide these services."

"If there is anything good to come from this, I think it's forcing all of us—the legal profession, society, interest groups and the government—to look for innovative ways to provide a service that will insure the rights of individuals with real needs," says Lockyer.

While the government and interest groups look for innovative ways to put a new legal aid system in place, many New Brunswickers face serious legal problems with no guarantee of help.

"Between 170 and 220 people who have a very critical need for legal representation will be helped," says David Lutz. "If there are any more, it won't help them."

That means the work of groups like Access to Justice is far from over. Until an adequate legal aid system is established the concept of "justice for all" won't apply in New Brunswick.



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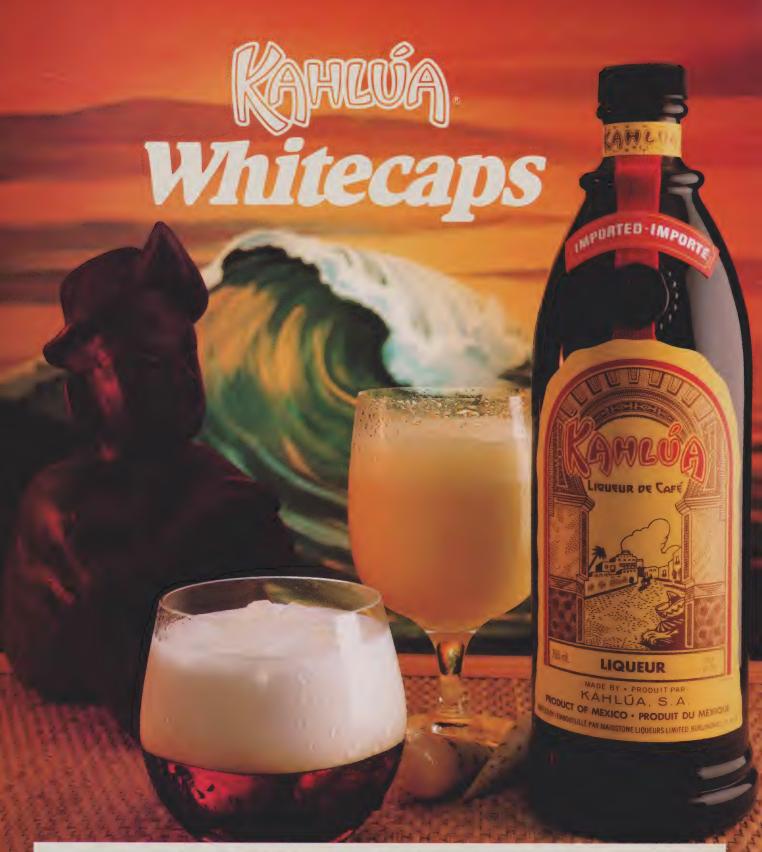
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PROVINCIAL REPORT NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

Constabulary union draws bead on guns for cops

The request for firearms by the police association in Newfoundland has run into opposition on almost all fronts

by Joan Sullivan ost people wouldn't be surprised to find that St. John's has something in common with England. This relationship is sanctified in the tourist brochures, after all. But they might be surprised to learn that Newfoundland's capital city has the same thing in common with New Zealand. Could it be left hand driving? Skinheads?

It's an unarmed police force. Members of The Royal Newfoundland Constabulary, who serve St. John's, Corner Brook and Labrador City, don't carry firearms. The general populace is happy with this situation. The provincial government and management-level police officers want to keep it this way. Other police chiefs across the country envy the unarmed force. But the police union wants to change it.

The negotiations between the 350member Royal Newfoundland Constabulary Association and the government began last February. The other issues salaries for police cadets, housing in Labrador and providing legal advice for police officers - have mostly been settled. The contentious issue of firearms remains unresolved.

"A lot of people are afraid that if the police start carrying guns, so will the criminals," says Bill Orr, a disc jockey at the local station QZFM. His informal poll tallied a three-to-one count against an armed police force. "I wasn't surprised at that, but I was surprised at another reason; people felt that members of the Constabulary weren't competent enough to carry guns.

Much of the emotional and logical debate surrounding the issue can be linked to "the professionalization of the police force," says Ian Gomme, a sociologist at Memorial University. "All organizations that are 'professionalizing' undergo a romance with technology. It gives status and prestige when you're packing death on your hip."

Anthony Micucci, a visiting professor at Memorial who studies and teaches about police stress, concurs. "Does the crime rate here justify carrying firearms? Maybe it's more of a public image problem."

Newfoundland has a relatively low crime rate. Some think that's connected to a stable family culture or other unique aspects of Newfoundland's culture. Gomme thinks it can be traced to the lack of a "major urban metropolis and related crimes such as drug trafficking.'

"The police here are mainly involved in peacekeeping and social service

duties," says Micucci.

Which is not to say that members of the Constabulary don't find themselves in dangerous situations. There are murders, assaults, armed robberies, and domestic violence which, Micucci says "are often



Members of the RNC want to carry guns

unpredictable and dangerous."

"Many people in the Constabulary feel vulnerable," says Gomme.

All police cadets are trained in the use of firearms. When necessary, superior officers can authorize their use. The problem is response time, and the vulnerability of the police officers caught up in

"Injuries from firearms are practically non-existent," says Deputy Police Chief Thistle, who otherwise refuses to comment on the firearms issue. The president and vice-president of the RNCA were not available for comment.

"The trend in police killings in Canada shows a high in 1962 and in 1984," says Gomme. "There were 12 in '62 and 9 in '84. Between those years,

there's been no pattern.

"The interesting thing is in those years the murder rate has risen in Canada, and the number of police officers has doubled," he says. As the overall population itself has increased, a correlation of those numbers means "there's been a gradual decline in police killings.'

In addition, most of these officers were killed in "ambush operations," where even a machine gun carried by the officer might not have changed the

"If you're going to argue the safety factor," says Gomme, "I'd far rather be a member of any police force in Canada than go out on one of those fishing boats. Fishing is far more dangerous.

"If they go ahead with it, it will be interesting to see if the public perception

becomes more unfavourable.

'The Constabulary is trying to attach the firepower of the police to the effectiveness of their role," says Gomme.

Ironically, this could lead to even

more stress for the police. "This will be something else to worry about — the possibility of accidents," says Micucci.

And accidents do happen. In Montreal, a black teenager is shot in the forehead, bringing the issue of racism bubbling to the surface. In Winnipeg, the killing of a native Indian has the same result. In Sherbrooke, police officers blast their way into the wrong hotel room and kill two innocent men.

"I doubt very much, if the Constabulary start carrying firearms, that they'll start shooting people," says Gomme. "But there's no question that this sort of thing can happen."

He also mentions another possibility. "Many police officers are injured by their own weapons." Sometimes they hurt themselves, sometimes their weapons are taken away and used to hurt them.

"The argument from the constabulary association is they feel they have to deal with a serious crime problem in St. John's," says Gomme. "But there doesn't seem to be the kind of situation there to convince me that anything would change if the police were armed.'

It's almost a luxury for Newfoundland to be arguing this question. No other police force in the country can consider whether or not to be armed. Most carry sidearms and have rifles mounted in their cars. It's considered a deterrent to crime but there's no real way to tell as it is now impossible for them to unarm themselves and see what transpires.

Newfoundland has never had to mourn a person shot down by their police force, by accident. But members of the Royal Newfoundland Constabulary fear that they're in the position where they might have to mourn a fellow police officer killed in their vulnerable line of

duty.

ATLANTIC INSIGHT, SEPTEMBER 1988

Residents win battle for better sewage treatment

A group of residents in Glace Bay applied enough pressure to get their sewer line installed — and to set a precedent?

t's the smell you notice first, when you're on Tower Road — not the houses, or the grass, or anything else. It's the smell of human waste. That smell has been here for the past several years, and the residents have had to put up with it.

This small area near Glace Bay, N.S. is part of the County of Cape Breton. The houses on Tower Road were built mostly in the '60s and use septic tanks to take care of sewage. The septic systems have never been perfect — there have always been some problems with backups and overflows. But in the past several years, most of the 158 houses have begun to encounter serious waste treatment problems.

In fact, Tower Road has become a health hazard. Raw sewage runs through the back yards of the houses. The residents have begun to worry about their children's health — and their own.

There are several things that cause these worries. First is the ever-present smell. Gary MacPherson, a resident of the road, says "it's the smell more than anything. You can't stay in the house all the time, but it's hard to go out." Other people say the smell prevents them from gardening or doing things outdoors. The raw sewage running through the back yards of houses is the perfect place for flies to breed, and they do so prodigiously.

Frogs are abundant by the streams, attracted by the flies. And the children who live on Tower Road go down to the streams, over their parents' orders, to catch the frogs. Eventually one child fell in, an incident that became symbolic in the minds of the residents.

Last spring, the residents of Tower Road went to the county administration and asked that a sewer line be put on their street. They'd asked before. The county had told them that they would have to pay for it through tax increases. The residents said no in the end because the burden placed on them by the tax increases would have been too great. This time, they demanded the county put a sewer line in and pay for it.

Coincidentally, representatives from the provincial department of public health were in the Tower Road area at this time. and some residents asked them to conduct dye tests. This involved pouring dye into the toilets of residents and recording the time the dye took to go through the septic tank and get to the drainage ditches. In most houses, it only took a few minutes for the dye to reach the ditches, and in a couple of cases, it was instantaneous. With this evidence, the residents went back to the county and asked again for a sewer.



Tower Road: the stench of human waste

This time, the residents were told they were on a "priority list." Unfortunately, they were not at the top of this list. It was made clear at that time that they wouldn't have any work done on the sewer until the cases ahead of them were completed. This did not sit well with the residents.

The situation on the road was tense. The residents liked where they lived, but they hated their location because of the sewage. Complicating their position was the fact that selling out and moving was hardly realistic. It was obvious that no one would want to buy a house with a sewage problem as severe as the one on Tower Road.

So in April and May, they began to publicize their plight. Many residents put signs up on their front lawns to inform passers-by of the situation. The signs were humorous, but their intent was serious: "Welcome to the Sewer Bowl," or putting an ironic twist on Cape Breton's

latest tourist slogan: "Help make us part of Cape Breton's Masterpiece." They also decided to go to the media. Local radio and TV stations covered the story vigorously. The residents began to feel that at least the public was on their side. Public meetings put further pressure on the county to do something.

However, the county still said that there was nothing it could do. The administration had no "emergency fund," and it was already committed to several other projects under its jurisdiction.

Many people on the road felt that the county had its priorities mixed up. They had been living with the drainage ditches and the problems for years. Alice Morrison had lived on Tower Road all her life, and she, like others there, felt that the time had come for the sewer line to be installed. "I mean, the flies are so ungodly bad, and they're caused by the sewage." Patricia Smith and her husband had seen rats in and about the ditches, and they worried about them getting into houses or biting children.

But David Muise, county solicitor, says that Tower Road residents have always had the same choices as everyone else: if they wanted sewer lines, they could pay for them — as everyone else

"If someone walks into a car dealership and asks for a shiny new car, do you give it to him or do you make him pay for it?" he asks. He also suggests that the problem with sewage on Tower Road has worsened because the residents were waiting around for lines to be installed and neglected their septic systems causing the overflow.

Eventually, however, the county relented. The surveyors have done some work on the road, and some of the basements have been measured in preparation for the sewer line installation. Because of the media attention, the county went to the province and arranged a cost-shared deal. The county will pay \$400,000 which is 50 per cent of the total amount. Muise fears that a precedent has been set.

"We're afraid now that everyone who doesn't have a sewer line will want one and the county can't afford that by itself — not without the province cost-sharing."

The residents of Tower Road aren't putting all their faith in the county yet, however. After waiting so long, they'll only believe in the sewer line when they see it. But they're proud of what they did to get it: "We had everybody pushing for it," says Morrison. Patricia Smith says her husband will go out and help dig the ditches himself if that will get the job done more quickly.

Even the cynics have a comment. "It seems you have to fight for everything nowadays..."

PROVINCIAL REPORT PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

A unique Island vacation

For patients on kidney dialysis, the Sunshine Retreat has changed summertime by making a seaside holiday a reality

by Jim Brown here's a charming openness, an honest vulnerability about Lori Jakeman that, when combined with her shining freckled face, makes her appear much younger than her 20 years. On a hot Wednesday morning in July, mid-way through her summer vacation on Prince Edward Island, Lori talks excitedly about visits to the beach, shopping sprees, and the difficulty of clam digging without a shovel, but when the subject gets around to her, one begins to sense, somewhere behind the smile, the little hurts, the small things that can mean so much to a teenager. Clearly summer, until lately, has not been Lori's favourite time of the year.

"Every year your friends go away, everybody goes away, and you stay home," says the Halifax resident who, for six years from age 12 to 17, couldn't leave home for more than two days at a time because her life depended on her regular sessions of dialysis. Two years ago, however, a special program — Sunshine Retreat — was developed by the Victoria General Hospital Foundation in Halifax. It allows patients like Lori to spend summer vacations on P.E.I. and now, at least, one small hurt has disappeared.

"Now when my friends talk about their summer holidays, I have something to tell them." she says simply.

to tell them," she says simply.

Lori's kidneys have ceased to function. Three mornings a week, for four hours a morning, she must be hooked up to a machine to have the poisons washed out of her blood. Should her condition go untreated, she will die.

There are only two ways of treating kidney dysfunction: transplantation and dialysis. Dialysis treatment can be performed in one of two methods: hemodialysis, where a patients's blood is run through a dialysis machine, filtered and then returned to the body, and peritoneal dialysis, where a bag of cleansing solution is emptied into the patient's abdomen through a surgically implanted tube. This procedure is either carried out during sleep time, six nights a week, or four times during the day, seven days a week. After two transplants and an unsuccessful try at peritoneal dialysis, Lori has been tied for eight years to her hemodialysis machine.

Dialysis patients like Lori lead almost normal lives, but there are restrictions, both for the patients and for their families, and one of the greatest restrictions is travel. "It's very difficult for patients to take a family vacation because they're tied to the machines," says Susan Langille, the supervisor of renal dialysis at the VG.

And that's why, in 1986, Sunshine Retreat was developed by the VG, with assistance from the Kidney Foundation of Nova Scotia and the dialysis program at the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital. Described by V.G. Foundation public relations director Chris Hansen as a "mini-VG on Prince Edward Island," Sunshine Retreat is a large, comfortable mobile home located at the Marco Polo Land campground in Cavendish. It is staffed by

tional needs, such as paying for additional staff, transporting nurses to the Island, and helping with the cost of accommodations.

On the summer morning that Lori Jakeman talks about her clam digging adventure, the Sunshine Retreat is packed. Three patients are undergoing dialysis, two nurses are busy checking the patients and machines, two volunteers — VG employees who have donated their vacation time to assist the nurses — make coffee for the half dozen or so guests.

There is a friendly, holiday atmosphere about the place. The main room of the Retreat is bright and cheerful, looking more like a cottage living room with its wood-panelled walls and summer furniture, than the satellite dialysis unit of a Halifax hospital. Two of the guests are old friends of Lori's, volunteer workers with the P.E.I. Kidney Foundation who first met the young



Dialysis patients can take a vacation and drop into Sunshine Retreat for treatment

two VG dialysis nurses and outfitted with three dialysis machines for vacationing hemo patients. For peritoneal patients, who rely on such a large amount of supplies that vacationing was impractical if not impossible, the Retreat is a storage and pick-up depot.

The patients don't stay at Sunshine Retreat, they make their own travel plans and arrange their own accommodations, dropping in only when treatment is needed. As well as patients from Nova Scotia and P.E.I., the Retreat has handled vacationers from across Canada and the U.S. who heard about the one-of-a-kind facility through inter-hospital news bulletins. For many, it's their first vacation in years, for some, their first vacation ever.

While the VG looks after all the supplies and equipment at the facility, everything else has had to be acquired through fundraisers and private and corporate contributions. The major supporter of Sunshine Retreat has been the Police Association of Nova Scotia, which has provided funds to help pay for the mobile home and supported the ongoing opera-

patient two years ago on her first visit to the Retreat.

At the dialysis machine next to Lori's, Kay MacLachlan is almost finished her session. The Ottawa resident booked her reservation right after reading a story about the Retreat in the Ottawa Citizen.

Across from Kay MacLachlan, at the third dialysis machine, Gloria Richard of Sudbury, Ontario, has an even greater reason for being thankful. A native Islander, Richard has been on dialysis for 12 years. She's tried to come home before, but the thrice-weekly trips to Moncton for treatment were simply too tiring. When she found out about Sunshine Retreat, the timing couldn't have been better. It meant she could come to the Island for her daughter's wedding.

For both women, Sunshine Retreat has given them something that most people take for granted — freedom. Until you've lived without it, Lori Jakeman says, you'll never know how important that can be.

"It's hard to explain. Unless you haven't gone away for a long, long time, you wouldn't understand."

COVER STORY

Antonine Maillet's international stature hasn't diverted the author from her goal of telling the real story of the Acadians

The very best Tonine

by Lois Corbett here are at least three routes to Antonine Maillet's summer home in Bouctouche, New Brunswick. Visitors can drive the characteristic twists and hills along the coast and try to find her private drive that leads straight to the side door. They can, if they like, park a few metres from her converted lighthouse and make their way, carefully, through the sharp, waist-high dune grass growing where tides once left their mark. Or they can swim in from the ocean, plod through the hot white sands of the beach and come right up the stairs into her living room where she'll offer freshly squeezed orange juice to help wash away the salt.

Maillet, author and lecturer, world traveller and 16th century scholar, comes home from Montreal every summer to her lighthouse by the sea. It's the only house of its kind among the half dozen or so that make up Maillet's immediate neighbourhood. Not quite as tall as other lighthouses that dot the New Brunswick coastline, the author's second home resembles its owner: at about five feet, she calls herself a dwarf. The lighthouse is no ordinary home, its keeper no ordinary woman.

This month the Université de Moncton celebrates all that is Antonine Maillet. At a symposium dedicated to examining her work, participants will discover, not for the first time, Maillet's wit, literary themes, characters and the Acadian tradition that no one has told quite like she. They will meet the famous *La Sagouine*, the scrubwoman of the sea who has been immortalized on radio and stage, first by Maillet, then by her close friend, Viola Leger, in English and in French. They will laugh at Christopher Cartier of Hazelnut, also Known as Bear, from the

children's book of the same name — the irresistible silk-bottomed bear cub that, despite his youth, has a good head on his shoulders and a memory that traces his family tree all the way back to Ursus Major and sea urchins.

Maillet students can also look to Evangeline Deusse — "the archetype of Acadian womanhood," for inspiration, and follow her, 80, to Montreal, where she's been transplanted to live with her son. There, Evangeline the Second makes friends with two other elders. The play's trio captures what *Le Droit* calls "the soul of Acadia," and affirms the human dignity of the elderly and homeless.

The week-long conference will not be the first honour given to Maillet. The woman who told the rest of the world that Acadia is alive and kicking and remembering to laugh is as vibrant and as exciting as her characters. Corinne Gallant, a close friend who taught the 14-year-old Maillet, says the writer has two "very intense sides." One is Maillet the writer, the creator who captured the strong-willed La Sagouine, Bear and Evangeline on paper. That Maillet has always been the same, Gallant says. "And why wouldn't it be?" she asks. "She knows best about how she should write, and what she should write about. And she hasn't been wrong yet."

The other Maillet is the person who comes through her spoken word, says Gallant. It's the one that entertains family and friends and audiences all over the world. It's the one with the bright laughing eyes and the quick wit, eager to pursue, well, just about everything.

"Tonine is universal in her interests. It is reflected in everything she says. And she always has something to say — whether it's about war or politics or the

Church or language. She develops it right on the spot. Her ability to do that has always fascinated me," says Gallant.

Maillet has fascinated world leaders and next door neighbours, academics and fishermen, all over the world. In the last year she has travelled to England, Africa, Peru, Paris, Monaco and all over North America, guest lecturing at universities, conferences and literary affairs. "It's been a busy year or so," Maillet admits, laughing at her own understatement. "That's one of the reasons I come back here."

Back here is Bouctouche, a small coastal village north of Moncton and in the heart of l'Acadie. The Clement Cormier High School theatre there bears her name. The museum has a *La Sagouine* room. It is away from Montreal, and has a slower pace than Paris. It is home, Acadia, the miracle that lives.

But her Acadia is not separate from the rest of Canada, argues Maillet. She likes to tell the story about co-chairing a symposium last March in Montreal, concerned, she says, with determining the "image of Canada, this country of ours."

"I was an ideal candidate for copresiding," she laughs. "The other person was an anglophone businessman from Toronto. And here is Tonine," as she counts on her fingers all the categories that she fits, "a female, a francophone, an Acadian at that, and a writer. I represented culture." Co-sponsored by the federal departments of communications, multiculturism, tourism and secretary of state, the conference brought 400 people together to argue about the Canadian identity, a topic that has aroused and frustrated this country's peoples for generations.

"And together, we all sat down to deal



with the image of Canada. We wanted to reject the moose, the Mountie and the mountains. But it was difficult.

"Look here, I told them. We are not English. We are not French. We are certainly not American. We are special. Too often we think we are too young, that our country came late and therefore is not important. But I told them that that is not so. We who came from other places brought the best from there with us and we planted it here. We came to find something better and, more importantly, we came for good reason. Many of us were fleeing from injustice."

The newcomers to Canada, insists Maillet, planted something worth investing from their old countries and created not a reproduction but a new species, "something different. I wish

that our two cultures would stop fighting and realize what we have is unique, special. There's nothing I hate worse than narrow mindedness."

Gallant argues that it is Maillet who is special. A philosophy professor at U de M, Gallant has travelled extensively, meeting people of all walks of life from all corners of the world. "Still, after knowing so many wonderful people, I can still say Antonine Maillet is the most interesting person I know. She's witty, she's resourceful. She delves deep into important questions, always struggling to get at the real bottom." Her friend refuses the title of philosopher, she adds, "even though I know that is what she really is."

Maillet, unlike Gallant, also refuses to be called a feminist. While her characters are usually strong, articulate, feeling women, Maillet says feminism is not her struggle. "Women must fight for their rights, there's no doubt about that. But it's not my fight. I haven't got time. I am not a feminist activist. I am a female writer."

Acadia, her subject, is also female, she says. It is a land, a story of birth and rebirth, very inward looking. "A man could not have written my stories," says Maillet. Gallant, playing the all-knowing friend, disagrees with Maillet's dismissal of feminism. "She is a feminist at heart. I know that. But all she has time for is one thing. It is the fringe of feminism that she cannot stand, but with the real theory, the real part, she agrees. And she has done a lot for women, in her own way."

Neither Gallant nor Maillet can remember when the latter decided to pursue writing as her life's work. Maillet

COVER STORY

says there was never a time when she did not want to be an author and Gallant remembers that, at 14, the young student was already saving everything she wrote.

Maillet refuses to make a big fuss out of her success, too. Her eyes sparkle when she talks about herself, the author. "Since I was young, I knew I was going to write. I would not quit from that idea. But, you have to understand, at that time there was no such thing as an Acadian writer, no Acadian schools, no Acadian publishing. No nothing. It was as if everything I wanted existed only in my dreams.

"So I dreamed and I dreamed. I knew if I dreamed hard enough, my world would come to resemble my dream. And," she shrugs her shoulder as if dreams come true every day, "it did."

The youngest of nine children, Maillet first created adventure stories with her best friends and a sister. She took from her parents and teachers her early understanding of Acadia, the stories of survival and determination through dispersal and poverty. But her voice is her own. "My point of view is unique. It is Tonine. Even Shakespeare could not have written what I have. He is not a woman,

and he is not Acadian.'

There aren't too many critics that compare Shakespeare and Maillet, but not because she hasn't received a fair amount of attention in the literary world. Her honours include the 1972 Governor General Award for Don l'Original, the 1978 Pris de Quatre jurys for Les Cordesde-Bois. She finally took home the Prix Goncourt for *Pelagie-la Charrette* in 1979, after having been runner-up twice before. She was the first North American, and the sixth woman, to secure France's top literary award. La Sagouine won Maillet the Chalmers Canadian Play Award in 1980, and two years later, she became a Companion of the Order of Canada.

The road to fame has had as many turns as the ones to her lighthouse by the sea. Her journey has taken 58 years, and it isn't over. She has climbed more than 13 sets of university steps to receive honourary degrees all over the world. She is a star, often quoted, widely read. And Maillet doesn't much like that part of her story: "One of my characters is kidnapped by villains who sell him to a circus. He runs away and hides in the hay that the circus people keep to feed their animals. A calf eventually comes along and eats the hay, and the two start talking. The calf, oh, he is conceited. He is, he thinks, the smartest, the brightest and the most handsome animal in the world. He is famous, you see, because he's in the circus.

"He's in the circus because he has five legs. The calf, through talking with this new friend, suddenly realizes he's not a star, but a freak, something less. Maybe there is something less in being a star." Being a famous author in Montreal is more embarrassing than anything, quips Maillet. "There's no pride in it."

The pride in fame is also called opportunity, though, and Maillet has had no shortage of that. She is invited to special places to meet important people. When François Mitterand flew from the Montreal congress of French-speaking nations last spring to Caraquet, N.B., Maillet was in his Concorde. She is known as the unofficial ambassador of Acadia, taking its story all over the world.



Maillet relaxes at her summer retreat

Some people wish she would tell different stories. Euclide Chiasson, editor of Le Ven'd'est and an Acadian activist, says Maillet lives too much for the past, and does not work for social change for 1988 l'Acadie. "She's an impressive character. Very few people here criticize her because she's so powerful and so good at what she does. But we need someone to interpret Acadia in newer terms, in present terms.' While Chiasson read her as a student and still admires her writings, he is afraid that Maillet's version is the only Acadia outside people see. He is reluctant to criticize her, though, at ease only with saying her sense of urgency is different from his. He sees an Acadia that has suffered because of its past too, but he worries about the oppression it experiences now. With the highest unemployment rate in the province, well over 17 per cent at last count, Chiasson's Acadia is poor, isolated and discriminated against.

Wayne Grady argues that Maillet's task is hers alone: She chose it, and she has to live with it and criticism like that of Chiasson's. Grady, an editor and writer who lives north of Kingston, Ont., translated Maillet's Christophe Cartier de la noisette de Nounours in 1984 for Methuen. He says Maillet's mission is to capture an oral history of her people before they are forgotten.

Grady's favourite Maillet story is one of a trip to Louisiana a few years ago. The

author told him a relative asked her to search for a distant cousin there. Maillet did, and found an old woman "way back in the Bayou, situated in Louisiana just about where Acadia is to the rest of Canada," he says.

"Antonine asked this woman to tell her a story. The woman, who probably couldn't read, told her a 12th century French story, in 12th century French. That is what Maillet is trying to do. She knows she has to get that stuff, has to get it down, before it is too late. She knows children today are not going to sit at that old woman's feet and listen."

Editor of *Harrowsmith* magazine, Grady is currently working on *L'Huitieme Jour* (The Eighth Day) Maillet's latest novel. Its English publication is scheduled for the spring of 1989. The novel promises to generate "some very interesting discussion" among English readers, says Grady, who admits he cannot wait to see how the latest Maillet is received.

Grady won the John Glassco Award, a prize for first time translators, for Christopher Cartier of Hazelnut, also Known as Bear. Capturing Maillet in English is no easy task, he says. "It took me a while to find the right voice for Antonine's story. I had to find the English voice that best represented her language, which is not French, but Acadian. The best way, I found out, was to use the English I use when I'm talking to friends, not the one I'd write a magazine article with, but the English of story telling."

Maillet doesn't create her stories in Bouctouche. She may rewrite some, may work on some ideas, or, as she did this summer, pursue something altogether different, like translating Shakespeare into her language. She uses her time there to clear her mind, she says, and prepare to begin work again. Maillet will not take time off though. It would be the same for her people: "because when you think you have won, you stop the fight." She wonders aloud about talent, a word she says is too often applied to her. "I think to have talent is to have talent at forty. A good book is one that does not only imitate anyone else's. I never claimed I would be the greatest writer in the world, or the greatest woman, only the very best Tonine.'

But her stories are Bouctouche. They are the lives of the people of the sea and the land, the ones she's met and those she will meet later. She invites friends to spend time with her at her Bouctouche lighthouse. "A lighthouse is not like an ordinary house," she writes. "It has no street in front of it, no number, no yard to share with the house next door. No house next door, in fact. It's all by itself, except for the ocean — stuck in the sand like a fencepost, surrounded by boats, some seaweed, and the fishermen's nets."

Insight IIII

For homeowners and potential homeowners: a guide that offers tips on renovation and saving energy; a look at "granny" suites; a how-to on buying older houses; a home for artists designed on an envelope; and more





More than just a showplace

Although he has spared no expense in building a home of material comforts, Bill Lewis also offers energy-saving advice



The dining room shares a double-unit wood-burning fireplace with the music room

by Charmaine Gaudet ill Lewis loves it when people ask him how much it costs to heat his house. People ask a lot, considering that Osborne House, named for its location on Osborne Head, is 7,000 square feet — about five times larger than the average-sized bungalow. It's also perched on a cliff overlooking the Atlantic Ocean, with no hills or grown trees to buffer the winter winds that pound the place like an icy sledgehammer. Yet, the home's total energy bill, for propane gas heating and cooking and electricity, averages only \$2,500 a year. Lewis' decision to build a big house didn't mean he didn't want to save money on energy. He applied ideas about energy conservation to his showpiece home that can be applied to most new homes and to many older homes as well.

"People are amazed when I tell them how little it costs me to heat the house," says Lewis, who buys and manages real estate in Halifax's south end. He proudly

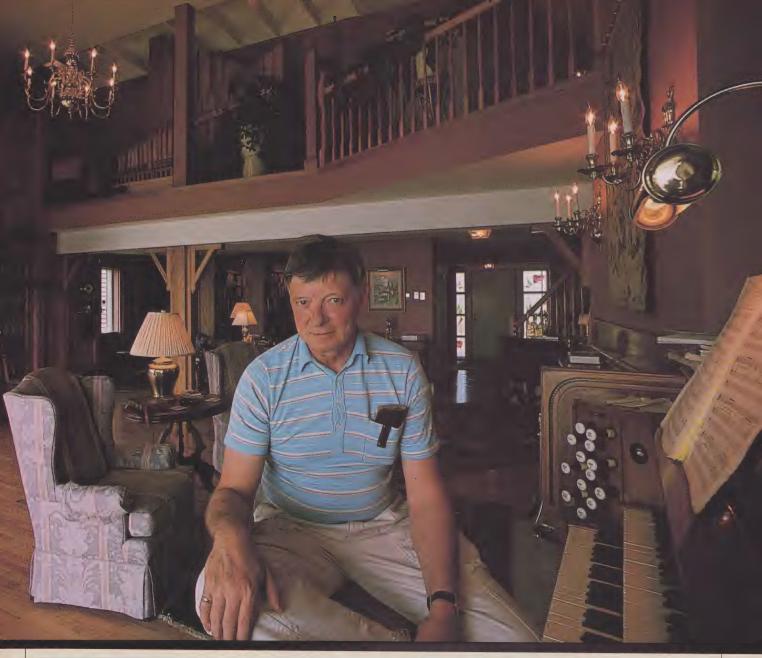
points out that his home is a good example of state-of-the-art in energy-efficient building design: passive solar orientation, super insulated roof and double walls, and sealed unit construction with air-to-air heat exchangers for ventilation.

Osborne House doesn't look like a stereotype of a super energy-efficient house; the whole of the south roof isn't clad with solar collectors, nor does a warming wood stove radiate from the hearth. Nor, for that matter, does it look like a big house; the rooms are modest in size, and even the cathedral ceiling of the ocean-facing music room with its twostorey pipe organ is scaled down by cozy seating and the homey warmth of oak panelling and furniture. Only after touring the whole house — with its five bedrooms and bathrooms, kitchen, dining room, music room, library, video room and service rooms in the "main house," plus its one-bedroom butler's apartment above the garage - is the visitor left with an impression of its



house he asked architects Michael Grunsky and Joan Doehler to design for him in 1983. It had to accommodate the concert-sized pipe organ he had long dreamed of acquiring, it had to be extremely energy-efficient, it had to be built on a cliff overlooking the ocean, and it had to lend itself to entertaining guests. After considering and discarding numerous design concepts, Lewis and his architects came up with an open-plan, three storey, clapboard-clad house with an expanse of south-facing windows. Lewis also found the perfect site on which to build it: a high bluff with nothing but a narrow strip of beach separating it from Cow Bay east of Halifax.

Lewis eventually found a 17-stop pipe organ for sale by a local church. The house design was modified slightly to accommodate it. The two-storey organ





Bill Lewis relaxes beside his pipe organ in the music room (top). In the library, (above) Lewis can rest easy with the knowledge he isn't spending a fortune on heating bills

and its ornate oak casing lend drama to the interior, just as the ocean dramatizes the house's setting outside.

The open plan plus several small conversational spaces are ideal for parties. The kitchen, though modest in size, is efficiently designed and equipped with every modern convenience, and Lewis claims he can serve dinner to 50 or more guests quite easily. The video room on the first floor keeps houseguests entertained

while Lewis is occupied.

Bill Lewis and his architects were able to achieve low gas and electric bills by incorporating into the house several special design features. First, the main diagonal of the structure is oriented north and south, allowing one glass wall to face southeast and the other southwest — with a minimum of windows on the northeast and northwest walls. A three-foot overhang filters out heat from the high summertime sun, and lets in the lower winter sun for maximum heat gain when it's really needed. In winter two large fans



Paderno Preserving Kettles Shine Among the Best!

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N.S. residents add 10% sales tax	\$					
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HOMES

help to keep the music room's temperature even and a thermostat-controlled fan system blows hot air from the sunny music room to the video room on the floor below. So far, overheating hasn't

been a problem.

Because the house is a sealed unit, with no opening windows, an air-to-air heat exchange system is necessary for a continuous supply of fresh air. It recovers 85 per cent of the heat from the exhaust air and adds it back to the incoming air. An added bonus is no condensation on the windows. "These systems are worth their weight in gold," says Lewis who has installed three in the home — one for the main floor and upstairs, one for the first floor, and one for the butler's quarters. The system maintains the house at a slightly positive pressure in order to avoid downdraughts from the fireplace. If air leaks, it leaks out, cutting down on draughts. In common with most people who have these units, Lewis says his runs 24 hours a day. The house doesn't have air conditioning because sliding doors that open up to the ocean breezes provide excellent cross-ventilation.

At present, the house has three woodburning fireplaces — a double unit between the music room and dining room, one in the library and a third in the video room. Stocking the main double fireplace can be an ongoing effort, particularly when there's a party on, so Lewis is planning on converting that unit to gas.

Active solar panels heat the hot water, with a 50-gallon electric hot water tank for backup. A pulse gas furnace with an impressive 98 per cent efficiency rating provides backup heating to the main and

upstairs floors.

The real key to the house's success as an energy-efficient structure lies in the walls. Instead of the usual single stud wall construction, the house has an inner and outer wall; essentially, it's a house within a house. The inner wall consists of a layer of ½ inch drywall attached to 2x4 studs on 16 inch centres, then ½ inch plywood and ¼ inch masonite with vapour barrier sandwiched in between and sealed at every junction. The outer wall consists of 2x3 studs to which a layer of % inch chipboard, then thick tyvek paper, is attached. Laths (% inches) provide a breathing space between the tyvek paper (which allows moisture out, but not in) and the exterior cedar siding. This "double wall" structure, which is 12 inches thick, is filled with fibreglass insulation for a rating of R-40. "CMHC's estimate on double wall construction of this house was that it would increase the cost by only 10 per cent," says Lewis.

The double wall construction provides a space for plumbing and electrical wires inside the vapour barrier. Wall outlets, plumbing pipes and other items that



Lewis commissioned several local craftspeople to add one-of-a-kind highlights

would normally pierce the vapour barrier don't. Also, in the Lewis home the vapour barrier forms a continuous seal which starts below the concrete slab on the first floor and continues to the attic, preventing air leaks and draughts. The vapour barrier and tyvek paper are sealed together at all door and window openings. The continuous seal of the vapour barrier, Lewis explains, is the secret to the house's energy conservation. Where the average house might have seven or eight changes of air an hour, Osborne House has about a half change — a lot less air to heat.

Another energy-efficient feature, although one whose potential won't be realized for many years, is the planting scheme designed by Halifax landscape architect Peter Klynstra. Hedges and other plantings of hardy shrubs will, when they're mature, help deflect ocean winds and salt spray. The wind breaks will also

create "fair weather pockets" for gardening, sunning and other outdoor activities.

Bill Lewis' home took about a year to build. As with the architects, Lewis worked closely with his builder, Douglas Sawlor. By acting as his own general contractor, he was able to save money and keep a close eye on every part of the project. He moved in at Christmas, 1984. "I was camped out for awhile," he recalls, in a house that was little more than a heated, insulated shell at the time. Meanwhile, he hired Halifax interior decorator Sheila Evans to design and co-ordinate colour schemes, furnishings, and other finishing touches.

He commissioned several area craftspeople to add one-of-a-kind highlights. Blacksmith John Little made a series of beautiful floral wrought iron grills in the heat exchanger openings of the library and video room fireplaces. Stained glass

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windows with their overlay musical instruments on the treble staff playing a Bach melody, and the glass panels with twining poppies that flank the front door. Cabinetmaker Zane O'Brien helped to transform oak from the pipe organ's casing into fireplace mantels for the music room, dining rooms and library, and the pillars supporting the main carrying

artist Jane Irwin created the music room



Carved oak decorates the fireplace mantel



Grills were transformed with wrought iron

The end result is a house that looks and feels special, a house that Bill Lewis is proud to have put his personal stamp on. It's everything he had hoped it would be: energy-efficient, spacious and private, with a great ocean view and a pipe organ. It's elegant, but also decidedly "lived in," as Lewis, who shares his home with his four dogs, insists a home should be. Most important, perhaps, Osborne House provides its owner with the satisfaction of knowing that it is more than a handsome piece of residential architecture. Bill Lewis feels that satisfaction every time he opens his gas and electric bills, and particularly whenever someone says, "It must cost a bundle to heat this place."

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A return to grandeur

A combination of popularity for bed and breakfasts and superb renovations has worked for two St. John's adventurers

wo and a half years ago, John Koop and Janet Peters renovated a house on Prescott Street in historic downtown St. John's and turned it into a bed and breakfast. In 1987, business was so good, they bought and renovated a second downtown house at 19 Military Road as their second bed and breakfast. They then sold the Prescott Street house but kept the name when they purchased 17 Military Road as the second house of Prescott Places.

Koop and Peters have learned many things about home renovations through their "hands-on" work on these three houses, having renovated three others along the way. They have also established themselves as seasoned bed and breakfast operators, their rooms booked to capacity in the tourist season and to 60 per cent in the off season. But they have just taken on their most ambitious project in partnership with another couple, Dave Dyer and Rhonda Corbett — a spacious, elegant house just down the road at 9 Military Road. Called The Roses, it is ideally situated to become the most popular of their houses.

"As two separate couples, we had both looked at number 9 and dismissed it," says Peters. "We, from the point of view that we had already bought number 17 (Military Road) and financially, it would strap us. They had done one other and were about to start on their own house. But the four of us looked at it again and said 'Well, why not?' "

Having been bitten by the renovation bug, Peters knew there was a market for another quality bed and breakfast. "Last tourist season," she says, "we ran the two houses and we were still turning away three or four requests a day." Also, attitudes toward bed and breakfasts have changed. "Going into someone's private house, they think they will be interfering with our lifestyle or sharing our facilities but they have all the privacy and all the conveniences including telephone and television. Once they stay in a bed and breakfast, all that fear disappears."

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Peters' transformation of the room shown above is highlighted by dark, rich colours

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them to renovate it while still running two other houses. "If you can feel the potential character when you walk into the house, then it's a good bed and breakfast house," says Peters. Number 9 certainly had that although a lot of it had been covered up. "The rooms are on a grand scale," she says. "The plaster work was salvageable and there's an elegance in there that works. It's a fabulous old house."

house."
Unlike the other bed and breakfasts, the house needed more than just paint and basic maintenance. That didn't deter Koop, a carpenter by trade, but for this house time was of the essence so that it would be ready for the tourist season.

So Koop and Peters became the general contractors for this project, while still pitching in with a paint brush or hammer. "It's just as much of a challenge to come in as the general contractor," says Koop. "I'm still in here more than eight hours a day making decisions. I wouldn't have been able to do that if I hadn't already been through the actual hands-on work the carpenters are doing."

The house was once three apartments and converting it back into one unit created problems in itself. Koop says it would have taken Peters and him a year to completely renovate the three storey house on their own but with people working 12 hours a day, seven days a week, it's only taken six weeks to: re-plumb and rewire; install two new bathrooms and renovate two others; replace non-existent

floor joists; repair plaster walls; paint inside and out; refurbish double hung windows; repair and replace clapboard on the exterior; lay carpet; and refinish hardwood floors.

The finished product is quite spectacular. The main floor contains a grand entranceway and a large common living area painted in a rich plum with white wainscotting and trim. Huge bay windows reach to the high ceiling. A grey sofa and overstuffed chairs furnish the room and rustic hardwood floors are accented by colourful rugs.

The first of three bedrooms is separated from the living area by double doors that slide into the walls. This room is painted dark olive green to match the marble fireplace and also has a bay window. This bedroom is serviced by a new, spacious bathroom with a grey shower and tub unit and pedestal sink.

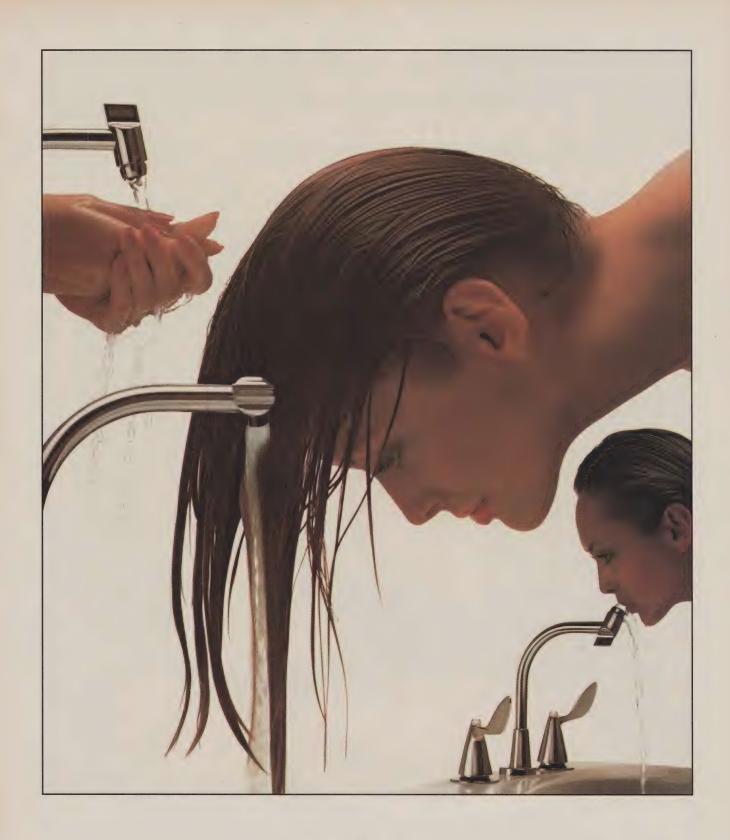
The other two bedrooms are similar in design. Each is painted in Peters' trademark dark, rich colours and has a bay window. All have functional fireplaces, complete with firelogs. Where possible, hardwood floors are preserved and rugs keep the sounds down between rooms. The furniture is for the most part antique, gathered from local suppliers, or homemade — Koop makes pine dressers and tables for some rooms.

Probably the biggest job was on the second floor landing where there used to be a kitchen nook. Koop wanted to open up this space but discovered "a multitude of sins" upon demolition. New walls and ceilings were installed to create a bright space leading to a bedroom and bathroom.





Exposed wooden beams were left intact to maintain the character of this room

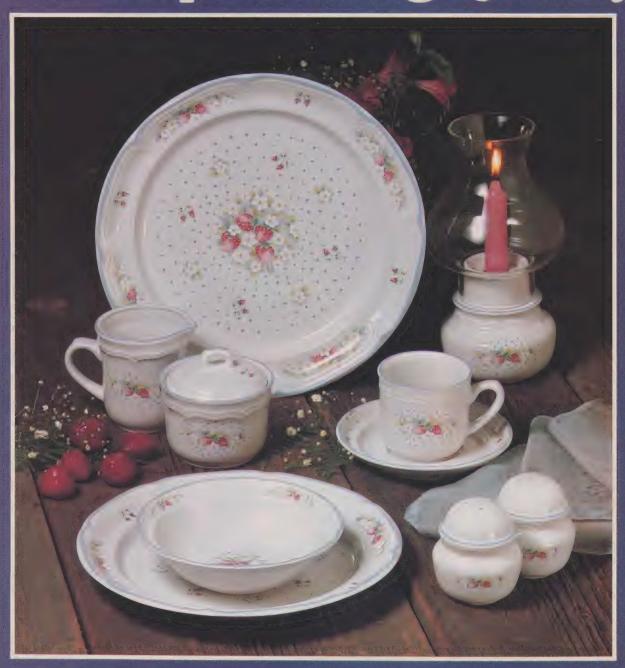


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The staircase landing before renovation



Salvaged staircase spindles were used

The top floor is the most attractive use of space in the house. The staircase landing was rebuilt to allow for the addition of a French door to allow access to a new roof-top patio. Salvaged staircase spindles matched the existing ones to finish the open staircase leading into a large, bright kitchen and eating area where guests are served breakfast each morning. Burnt orange paint was chosen which works well with the exposed brick chimney and fireplace. A new door leads to another bedroom and private bath with the original access to the kitchen converted into a pantry unit.

The crowning touch of this house, as in Koop and Peters other two houses, is the beautifully displayed artwork from such artists as Bill Ritchie, Scott Goudie, Gerald Squires and Hanny Muggeridge that guests may purchase if they wish. There are also nice touches in flowers and accent pieces. Number 9 is just a short walk from downtown and other attractions, and is made complete with lots of brochures and information about what is available downtown for guests to enjoy.

So far, Koop and Peters have kept within budget. They were able to save at least 10 per cent off the top because they took on the duties of general contractor. On top of that, they received an Atlantic Canada Opportunities Agency (ACOA) grant to cover 30 per cent of renovation costs including labour, materials and furnishings.

Because 9 Military Road is their seventh project together, Koop and Peters have learned a lot about home renovations. For Koop, the timing of the different project tasks is important. "I think that's something we've learned," he says. "Keeping ahead of the work at every stage is something you get a gut feeling for." Attention to detail is another thing they

take pride in like "uncovering all the painted-over pieces of brass."

For Koop, each house is different and presents another set of conditions. "You can always look back and say 'If I had my time back, I would have done this.' You don't worry about that. You just forge ahead and the main thing is to get it done the way you wanted it done."

The success Koop and Peters have achieved in the bed and breakfast business is as much due to the increase in the popularity of bed and breakfasts as it is to the superb renovation work they have undertaken. The combination of dedicated owners picking the right house and creating a comfortable place to stay is a delicate mix found at The Roses.



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A place they call home

The unorthodox use of the back of an envelope to sketch out the design of an Island home turned an idea into a masterpiece



The South Milton home evolved, room by room, from magazine pictures and sketches

hen some people get an idea for their dream home, they work with a contractor designing elaborate blueprints. Katharine Dagg and Sandi Mahon of South Milton, P.E.I. opted for a different approach — they designed their home on a plain, white envelope.

While they wouldn't recommend this technique to everyone, for the two potters it's allowed them to build the home they've always wanted — a house show-casing their extensive and treasured art collection. Working with a "very easygoing" contractor, Dagg and Mahon have created a home which highlights their art, as well as their personalities. "The whole house is a mixture of old and new," says

Dagg and Mahon are business partners. They run Stoneware Pottery and Crafts Ltd. in South Milton. For five years they lived in a corner of their studio. "But we got tired of eating dust," says Dagg, and tired of after-hours visitors who stopped to look over their work.

They considered building a second storey above their studio, but when they talked it over with their contractor and neighbour, Noel Doucette, he told them it would be less expensive to build a separate house on their three-and-a-half acre property. He took out an envelope, and they made up a few sketches of rooms — drawings they would eventually use as a basis for the construction of their new home.

Dagg and Mahon approached the idea cautiously. "We're into doing things slowly," notes Mahon, adding that they had always been careful not to overextend themselves, financially. However, the idea of designing a house around their art proved too much of a temptation.

It was a new and different experience for them all. Although Doucette had done some renovation work previously, he'd only built one house from scratch — his own. Dagg and Mahon had collected hundreds of books and magazines over the years from which to draw ideas. "The



poor man (Doucette), had to look through them all," says Dagg. "It's hard to put four years of *Country Living* magazine into one house," sympathizes Mahon.

The house design evolved as they went along, starting with the envelope sketches. "We knew what we wanted, but not how to achieve it," recalls Dagg. "We were lucky. A lot of companies will only work from blueprints."

"There were no blueprints, no architect's plans, just a big pile of papers — magazine pictures and sketches," says Doucette. "We did it room by room. A lot of thought went into it ahead of time, but a lot was done as we went along." He admits it was a challenge, but one he enjoyed.

The two potters wanted an open concept, but weren't sure what proportion to make the rooms. So Doucette put the floor in and the walls up, and Dagg and Mahon drew chalk lines where they wanted the room divisions, making sure to fit in their major pieces of art. "We built the house around what we had,"







The house is a mixture of antiques and crafts. The breakfast nook (left) and kitchen (right) display old and new pottery, the living room (above) a table from a Yellowknife café.

says Dagg.

What they have is an extensive collection of antiques, pottery and folk art any art dealer would give his eye teeth for. It's the kind of artwork that shows, "caring hands have made them...they have a sign of craftsmanship, whether it's old or

new," reflects Dagg.
While Doucette didn't agree with some of their ideas, "He worked with us. He didn't belittle us," says Mahon. Once they had moved in, he was pleasantly surprised with the effect. Designing the home was a co-operative effort, but Mahon admits she left most of the details to Dagg. "If I'd designed more, it wouldn't have been so homey. We would've had a nail on the wall for a hat and coat, and that's about it."

Not everyone understands Dagg's love of art. When she was in university, she bought an old wooden cupboard for \$350. "My father just flipped!" she recalls. "You bought a wooden cupboard with your student loan!" she mimics.

Besides pottery, Dagg loves cooking



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HOMES

and the kitchen is a focal point of the house. "I wanted it to be homey, colourful, bright and dust-free," she explains. The room is designed so that she can cook and "entertain guests at the same time, with-

out missing anything."

Shelves of old and new pottery line the kitchen walls. Dagg's baskets hang from a beam separating the kitchen and living room, and from a hay wheel in the kitchen hang her brass pots. "The guy who installed it thought I was crazy," says Dagg, "to hang an old hay wheel from the ceiling." Windows high in the cathedral ceiling let heat in and a suspended fan sends the warmth down to working level.

There's a small breakfast nook off the kitchen, displaying more pottery and Dagg's extensive cookbook collection on shelves stretching from ceiling to floor. A couple of steps lead down from the kitchen to the bright, airy living room, lined with windows. Gracing the hardwood floor are a few choice but comfortable pieces of furniture, including a bright red table and chair set that Dagg picked up at an old café outside Yellowknife. A cast iron stove heats the room in the winter and is flanked by a display of cast iron cooking ware on one side, and Dagg's \$350 cupboard on the other, protectively exhibiting antiques, china and modern stoneware dishes.

The hallway leading to the rest of the house is lined with other antiques and features a display of old black and white photographs from both Dagg and

Mahon's families.

The bathroom has become the potters' favourite room. In it are a prized old pedestal sink they picked up at a yard sale and an old-fashioned bathtub Doucette salvaged from a construction job he was working on. When Dagg and Manon asked the plumber to install the water tank above the toilet, "for an older look" explains Dagg, "he thought we were nuts. A lot of contractors didn't understand what we were doing."

Although Dagg and Mahon agreed on most of the housing plans, they nearly came to blows over the bathroom design. "Sandi wanted her shower up here," says Dagg. "But Katharine didn't want to ruin the 'old look," recalls Mahon. After some discussion, Dagg won out and the shower was installed in the basement.

However, Mahon did get her way with the library, or "cozy room" as she calls it, which is painted a deep rose color, furnished with a comfortable sofa and easy chairs. Shelves of books line one wall. A small room off the library serves as a combination sewing room and computer centre, used to keep track of inventory and supplies.

In the library and living room, stylish thermal blinds take the place of curtains. Ordered from a company in Amherst, Nova Scotia, they run down tracks and are solid enough to seal out the cold effectively. Other energy-conscious measures include solar panels on the roof, which heat the hot water fully in the summer and partially in the winter.

The two bedrooms reflect the different personalities of the two women. Dagg's room is dominated by a large bed and an old dresser she picked up at a garage sale. Its deep dresser drawers serve as beds "when guests with babies come to visit."

Mahon's love of gardening is reflected in her room, which features a four-piece P.E.I. pine bedroom set, dating back to the 1850s. The bright green "cottage furniture" turned them off in the beginning, and Mahon considered refinishing the wood. Those plans changed when she found out that the paint was original and the small hand-painted flowers were done "at a time when it was all the rage to bring the garden inside," says Mahon.

Construction on the house began in September, 1980 and Dagg and Mahon moved in March, 1981. Since then, they have converted a swamp on their property into a duck pond, built an extension on the studio, renovated the shop and redone the studio roof — all work done by Noel Doucette. "He still gets us out of messes," commends Mahon.

However, Dagg stresses, they've both had enough of renovation and expansion for a while, and plan to take the time to enjoy what they have accomplished. That philosophy carries over to their business. "We could hire four more people, but that would just complicate things, and I don't think anyone would be any happier," explains Dagg. "We've reached a comfortable balance between work and leisure. We're not into stress."

Her love of order and her artistic flare have carried over to the studio, where she designs exhibits for their pottery. "Katharine gets really indignant when someone buys a major piece," jokes Mahon, "and she has to redo the entire display."

The "arranged" feel of Dagg's exhibits works, however, both in the studio and in their home, where every room is used. "Sometimes it's like living in a museum," jokes Mahon. "The displays keep changing all around you."

While home life used to be at the studio, the two potters can now "close the door and leave work behind at night," says Mahon. "At the studio, everything is in progress, while everything is calm at home. I like to have everything organized. It's the only way I can relax," says Dagg. "The house is a retreat for us."

The balance they have accomplished permeates the entire house, combining old and new, and reflecting the different personalities of its occupants. The South Milton house is more than just a beautiful showcase of art, it is a workable, comfortable, living space and a place Katharine Dagg and Sandi Mahon like to call home.





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A unique and beautiful street

Douglas Avenue in Saint John offers dignified Victorian houses and a bucolic sense of peaceful country living in the city



Some of the big, elegant homes on Douglas Avenue are paired with smaller, equally well-built homes, all still displaying Victorian charm

by Frank Withers
aint John's Douglas Avenue is lined
along both sides with Victorian
houses of all shapes and sizes. Some
of them appear to be "in pairs" — and
that's led to more than one theory about
the conditions under which these houses
were built. One theory has it that masters
and servants lived in adjacent houses, as
a matter of convenience — and in an
unlikely demonstration of democracy.

"I question that theory," says Valerie Evans, a Heritage Preservation Foundation organizer. "That was a class-conscious age and the people who built these houses would be unlikely to have the poorer folks anywhere near them. Workers in those times would think nothing of walking a mile or so from Main Street to the homes of their masters and I think all these places were too well-built to have been the homes of anyone but the rich."

Historian Harold Wright has his theory too. He speculates that the building of the houses in pairs was a matter of family connections where siblings, or parents and offspring, probably partners in the lumber businesses, would move from the city to what was then the suburbs and have their homes built by the same contractors at the same time.

But that was over 100 years ago and today's residents of Douglas Avenue have their own reasons for being where they are. "You have to live on the avenue to appreciate our secret society," says Ruth Ross.

The people living along the high road connecting central and western Saint John don't really have a secret society but they do seem to have a bit of a "distinct society" and Douglas Avenue certainly is a "high road" — a mile-long hilltop link to the famed Reversing Falls bridge.

And Ruth and Vernon Ross of number 114 will probably settle for the "distinct society" label that gives Ruth "the best of both worlds" — the convenience and amenities of the city and an almost bucolic pace of country living.

"We're all great walkers over here and

with the hillsides sloping down to the harbour on one side and the river on the other, we can watch the boats and the ships. We can check each other's gardens and big back yards. And it's nothing to meet some raccoons, find a snakeskin, see all kinds of birds and plants and pick rock cranberries in the course of an evening's stroll. And you talk to all your neighbours even if you don't know them."

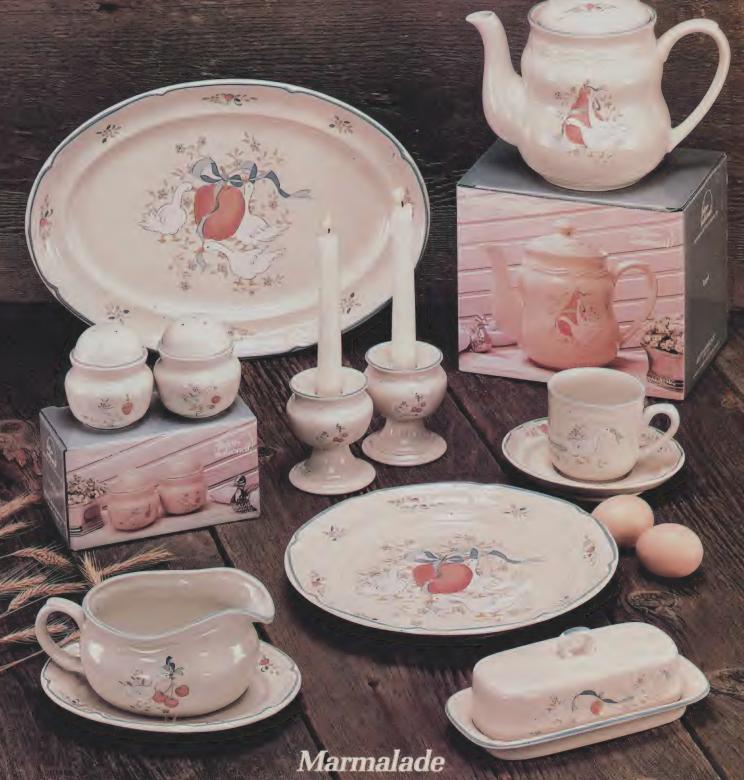
Ruth Ross and artist Ray Butler, who lives across on the north side of the avenue, find similar virtues in living on the high road:

"We've got natural air conditioning. Of course, Saint John doesn't often really suffer from the heat but there are summer days when we appreciate the cross draught from the river and the harbour," Butler says. The winter northerlies often clear snow from the driveways and even lessen the effect of the notorious pulp mill fumes which plague some of his neighbours and most of the area for miles around.

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City amenities in a country setting

which characterizes the street and its residents was more pronounced when many of its elegant homes were first built and the only land access to the peninsula was by water or carriage road from what is now Main Street. Before the Reversing Falls suspension bridge joined the two sides of the harbour and river in 1853 (after an 1837 construction collapse which killed seven workers) Douglas Road, as it was named after New Brunswick governor, Sir Howard Douglas, was a country suburb occupied by shipbuilders and lumber barons who built mansions of wood from their own nearby yards.



Brick construction is an unusual sight

A house that stands out from the others is owned by Ray and Shirley Butler and built for Captain Robert Gale in 1897. Ship masters, unless they were also owners or builders, were not usually among the wealthy. Gale apparently found it cheaper to use brick, possibly ballast from England, for his relatively modest home. The house is also notable



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HOMES

for its trapezoid-topped square front tower and flower carvings on either side of the front door, and for the ground floor layout of two large rooms on either side, giving Ray a studio on one side and family living quarters on the other: "Ideal for an artist."

At the other extreme are many such houses as the huge and elegant Grew, Oliver, Evans and Patterson residences.

Typical of these is the home, along with its twin next door, that Bill and Carol Patterson bought 16 years ago and now enjoy with their six children.

Three storeys high on top of a basement and with a cupola or widow's walk the size of a small living room, the verandah-pillared wooden structure stands high on the spine of the avenue peninsula affording a view up the Saint John River to the north and to the south, the harbour, Bay of Fundy and, on a clear day, Nova Scotia 40 miles away.

A visitor driving or walking past the houses set back only a few metres



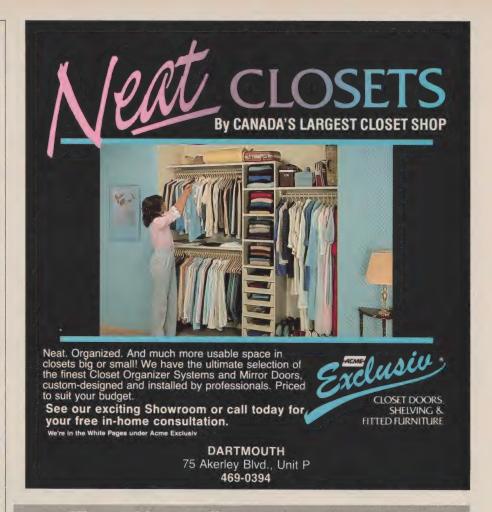
Preserving 19th century craftsmanship

from the street, misses the fact that behind many of them are wide open spaces of lawn and garden where mothers like Carol Patterson can "do my kitchen chores and still keep an eye on my children, who don't have to play on the street."

At the western end of the avenue there are groups of four or five similar houses, generally on a lesser scale and possibly built by more cost-conscious contractors.

Dr. Patterson, who, in his building alongside his home, shares space with other physicians and a couple of apartments, has some thoughts on costs:

Such wooden buildings would be expensive, or even prohibitive to build in this age as much for lack of fine lumber and craftmanship as for expense, "but they are here now and there are lots of people who could restore and maintain them just as cheaply as they can start from scratch and cause urban sprawl by build-



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HOMES

ing equivalent homes out in the country."

Carol agrees that "housekeeping in a big place with lots of space isn't much more difficult than picking up and stowing things after a bunch of kids in a small place."

Fireman Dale Russell, who for the past four years has been restoring another big house at 170 Douglas Avenue, "with a music gallery, seven different levels and doors and windows arranged so music could be heard wherever they wanted it," is doing his best to preserve the interior but has to go modern on the outside. "I've already spent more on it than it cost me

originally.'

The Patterson house with balustraded stairways, spacious foyer, a 55-foot parlour stretching from front to back, numerous fireplaces, walls covered with costly woods and embossed material, stained and bevelled glass, marble and porcelain fireplace fronts and bathroom fixtures, has its counterparts, sometimes on a lesser scale, all along the street. Some simple frame structures are finished inside with elaborate materials, including for example, Irene Kennedy's house or a Neighbourhood Co-operative house, occupied by the Rosses and Donna Bogle, both of which boast rounded corner walls, huge mirrors over handsome fireplaces and heavy plaster ceiling cornices. They're houses that could only have been built in their own time and as such, have intrinsic value from an

historical and heritage point of view.

To a greater or lesser degree most avenue dwellers feel concerned that what has happened in so many other cities may now be threatening their neighbourhood. This is especially worrisome in the face of proposals by Malcolm and Douglas Thorne of Thorcor Holdings Ltd. for high rise and multi-apartment buildings, and at one time, the proposed demolition of two of the biggest and most distinctive old houses on the street. Douglas Thorne now says major development may be a year away or maybe 10 years. However, he says the big "pink and blue houses" won't be destroyed and immediate plans for them, depending on government assistance, are for quality bed and breakfasts with a restaurant over a tunnel which currently joins the houses. Opponents find this idea somewhat more acceptable.

Valerie Evans, who started Heritage Preservation Foundation "when urban renewal seemed to threaten everything with any character in the city" admits "total bias" but seems to represent most of her neighbours in the idea that Douglas Avenue embodies all that "makes Saint John a unique and beautiful city."

"My bias is toward old homes. I love them with their fine wood and stained and bevelled glass. As my daughter, home on a visit, said, 'It's like living in a house with rainbows.'

Applecross Counted Cross Stitch Kits... A Mother-daughter team offers original designs

Counted cross stitch is the simplest form of needlework and currently one of the most popular in North America. The beautiful patterns shown in this advertisement are the original designs of Anne and Peg Fraser, a mother-daughter team who owns and manages Applecross Designs in Halifax, Nova Scotia. The Frasers started the company two years ago after they were unable to find Canadian counted cross stitch patterns. Since that time, Peg has been designing and charting various quilt patterns, Maritime scenes, Canadian flowers and yule-tide designs for use in her counted cross stitch kits. Peg also looks to her mother Anne, who has 40 years experience with the craft, for ideas and expert advice.

Counted cross stitch kits are popular with both needlework experts and beginners. They also make unique, quality gifts for people of all ages.



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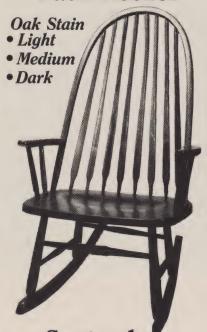


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HOMES

Looking for problems in all the right places

Buying an older home can be a pleasurable or painful experience, but there are ways to reduce the risk

by Maggie Brown
lder homes in Atlantic Canada offer
home buyers myriad pleasures and
problems. Exposed wooden beams,
decorative mouldings around fireplaces,
long windows, stained glass and mysterious nooks and crannies, all add to the
charm of an older home. But once bought
and moved into, home owners are often
faced with unpleasant and expensive
surprises.

In the past only those with friends and relatives in the general contracting business have been able to avoid the nasty surprises which sometimes accompany home buying. Today potential home buyers in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick can hire an independent home inspector. A thorough two-hour inspection, at around \$200, includes a look at both the exterior and interior of a home.

The existence of independent inspection agencies is relatively new to Atlantic Canada, and the market for home inspectors is definitely growing here. Four new companies have been launched in the past five years.

For home buyers in Newfoundland and P.E.I., inspections are also done regularly by general contractors. While the vested interest of the contractor is something to keep in mind, the potential buyer can get a fair assessment from a reputable contractor.

Along with all the usual things that can go wrong with older homes, there are many problems that are peculiar to older Atlantic Canadian homes. The most common, according to home inspectors, is damage due to moisture.

Atlantic Canada has a very short drying season, and when wet wood

doesn't get a chance to completely dry out, rot can set in. Rotting wood leads to damage to electrical and heating systems, insulation, and the structure itself — all of which can be very expensive to repair.

Ralph Rickard, a residential inspector in the Halifax area, John Broeze, of Atlantic Home Inspections in Moncton, and Danny Smith, a general contractor also from the Halifax area, offer some advice to people who are thinking of investing in an older home.

Inspectors suggest, however, that home buyers hire a professional to examine a home before they put in an offer. "The average home buyer can't see everything a professional can," says Broeze.



Powder post beetles mar beams and floors

GUIDE

Before beginning the actual inspection, Rickard starts with the basics. "Take your time, use a flashlight, look everywhere and wear old clothes," he says. "You wouldn't believe the number of people who show up to look at a house with their best clothes on. You can't possibly see everything you need to without getting dirty."

- Begin your inspection by taking a good look at the whole site. Look for things that may be out of the ordinary: is the land sloping towards the building, is the grass patchy, are there storm sewers? These could all be indicators of problems to come in the spring.
- Step back to get a full view of the house. "Make sure things are all plumb," says Rickard. Is the chimney straight, does the house slope dangerously to one side or the other? This could mean the house has settled improperly and may pose drainage problems as well.
- "Now walk around the entire building very slowly, checking the foundation for cracks every step of the way," says Rickard. The ground should not be touching any part of the siding. Older homes with wood siding can fall prey to moist earth or wood piled against the side of a house.
- Make certain the soffits and eavestroughs aren't clogged. They could be another "moisture trap." While still outside, check the windows for degeneration. Is the putty still intact, does the window meet the sill at right angles, is there any evidence of rotting wood?
- It is not necessary, and may be dangerous, to get up on the roof. Instead, place a ladder against the side of the house nearest the chimney. Are there any shingles missing or large patches of unexposed underpadding? This indicates the roof is old and needs re-shingling. Check inside the chimney to see if the lining is cracked. If so, it will need replacing.

"You are half way through the inspection now," says Rickard, "and ready to go inside."

- "Go straight to the basement," Rickard says. "You should be able to see the major problems here visually." Check how much dust is on the furnace. Rickard says by looking at something as simple as that, a home buyer can tell a lot about the age of a furnace. "Turn it on and listen to it run for awhile," Rickard suggests.
- Look along the duct work and pipes to see that they're all attached and there's no leakage. "If the house is 40 years or older, the chances are that parts of the plumbing system are made of cast iron," Rickard says. Replacing or updating cast iron pipes is very difficult, but is necessary if the pipes have corroded.
- Electrical systems are almost never suitable or safe in older homes. "Most systems are knob and tube (two wires separated by 2-3 inches of air), which will need massive upgrading," says Rickard. If the main circuit breaker and fuses supply fewer than 60 amps, the system is definitely not up to modern standards. An older home with 100 or more amps has already been rewired.
- Upstairs, do a run through of all the appliances, open and close windows, fill up the sink and pull out the plug to catch any drainage problems. "Look everywhere," Rickard stresses.
- Pests such as black "carpenter" ants and powder post beetles pose a great threat to the structure of older homes. To check for powder post beetles, push a jacknife into a beam of wood. "The wood will be the consistency of styrofoam," says Rickard. Ants also wreak havoc on wooden structures. "Small piles of sawdust are a sure sign that there are ants around," says Smith. He has seen beams two feet thick turned into thin veins "tissue paper thin."
- "Using seaweed as insulation was also very popular 30-40 years ago," says Rickard. Although seaweed is benign and "not a bad" insulator, it can often be very hard to replace.

Atlantic Canadians should not feel completely intimidated by older homes when looking for a new residence, however. John Broeze says older homes often have fewer problems with moisture ventilation because they were built more loosely than newer homes. And there's always the attraction of those high ceilings and intricate mouldings.



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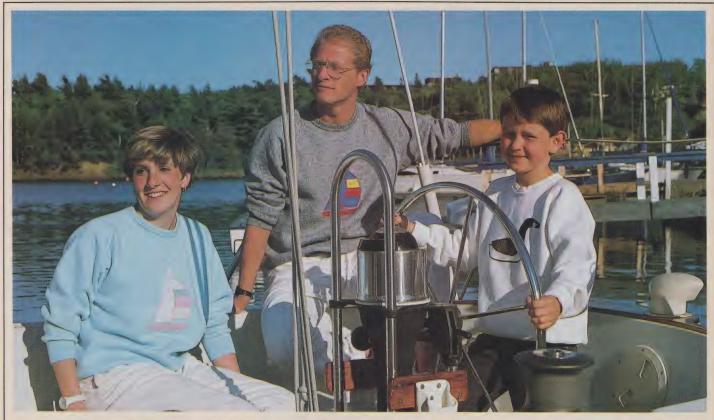
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The patterns are the original creations of Wendy Hrabowsky, owner of The Needles Eye in Chester, Nova Scotia for the past five years. She works with a staff of local seamstresses who embroider the sweatshirts by machine. The popular sailboat and Canada Goose designs, pictured above, are brightly coloured and compliment the fleece-lined sweatshirts.

The long-wearing sweatshirts, of 88 per cent preshrunk cotton, are manufactured by Nova Scotia Textiles Ltd. in Windsor, Nova Scotia. They are identical to the famous "Roots" sweatshirts which are popular across the country.

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Ensuite set-up lets parents feel at home in the garden

A new concept in housing for seniors has a few fences to jump before it can make it to the backyards of Atlantic Canada

t home shows throughout the region this spring a cute little house attracted a lot of attention. Dubbed a granny flat or garden suite, it's a recent innovation in seniors' housing. The idea originated in Australia where there are now more than 4,500 units, and has proven to be popular in other parts of Canada although it has yet to be tried here. The self-contained unit for one or two older people is meant to be placed in their children's backyard. There are

Garden suites vary in size and design but the model Atlantic Canadians viewed has one large bedroom, a kitchen, living room, dining room and bathroom, all accessible to a wheelchair. The units are convenient for people with failing health so light switches are low enough to reach from a wheelchair and railings can be installed for support in the bathroom. John deWinter of MMH Prefab Ltd., Sussex, N.B., who built the model, thinks it's an idea whose time has come. "It's not applicable to everyone but it's

good for rural areas and places in the city with big backyards," says deWinter. "It's a well-built home with everything a person needs."

Doug Williams, local director of Canadian Manufacturing Housing Institute and president of Twin City Trailers Sales Ltd. of Bedford, N.S., says the industry is interested in building garden suites because they believe the demand in the cause they believe the cause the

cause they believe the demand is there. The retirement market in Canada is growing quickly. "When it is difficult for people to maintain a big home, remote from family members, garden suites would be better than premature placement in a nursing home or health care centres."

"I like the idea because it gets the parents close to their kids and they can help each other," says Sharon Chisholm, Dartmouth's former housing co-ordinator. "It also frees up one of the larger older homes that can be used for young families."

But because of the high cost of the



Granny flats bring seniors closer to home and family

costs and zoning problems to be overcome, but if the positive response shown by thousands of people who toured the model home is any indication, garden flats just may make their way east

flats just may make their way east.

"What we were trying to do at the home show was say, hey, here's an alternative," says Ken Taylor, manager of program operations for the Halifax office of the Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation. The CMHC has worked on the idea throughout the country. "These things have a tendency to take off once there is a bit of interest."

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HOMES

units and zoning regulations, the concept is not popular in the political arena. According to deWinter, the unit he built cost \$30,000. "The first one is more expensive," he explains. "The price will go down once you get the routine." A crane would be used for installation and removal and there would be costs for sewer hookups as well, totalling at least \$3,500. Many believe leasing would be a realistic option. "When the parent leaves that home, the company can take it back," says Williams. "If it's sold, what does someone do with the unit?"

But the other, more political problem, is zoning. For example, in Halifax most residential neighbourhoods allow only one unit per property. In two recent reports to council, Halifax city manager, Paul Calda writes that there are allowances for separate units within a family home in many areas of the city, but in order to allow units separate from the family home, the zoning regulation would have to be amended. The problem is, council does not want to do that. Calda writes: "While it is council's basic objective to provide independent accommodation for seniors with their families, it also wishes to retain the integrity of R-1 zones and to avoid zoning amendments. It would appear that there are no alternative solutions..."

In Ontario where there has been a demonstration project since 1984, they have a temporary-use bylaw allowing a second dwelling on a single property.

As well as zoning amendments, allowing a second unit means a major shift in attitudes. "There's a worry that people will rent these units for profit," says Chisholm. But she adds that this can be overcome by a temporary permit with a specific name on it allowing only that person to live there. The unit would be taken out once they left. Halifax council members have already voiced concern that because the Canadian Charter of Rights does not allow discrimination on the basis of kinship, a municipality cannot regulate the type and relationship of the occupants of a building.

CMHC's Taylor, who made a presentation in July to Halifax city council, says the issue depends on political will — "if they're prepared to put up with the backlash from people who don't like seeing a home come up in their neighbours' backyard." The Ontario project has so far had favourable acceptance except for an upscale neighbourhood in Waterloo.

But the municipalities would also like support from provincial and federal governments before they go ahead. Murray MacGray, director of administration for the provincial housing department says he is waiting for the results of the Ontario trial program to see if they are viable here. "We're examining the options. The ideal situation is a nuclear family with a home in a suburban area." MacGray says the province already has a "parent apartment program" which provides loans from \$1,000 to \$15,000 for people to put additions on their houses for aging in-laws.

There will be a national conference on Housing Options for Older Canadians in Halifax in October where the advocates of the garden suites are hoping something

concrete will be done.

The garden suite idea, of course, is not for everyone. Lucy Riley, president of the Halifax Seniors Council says they could be isolating because the older people are left alone when the younger ones go off to work. "It gets lonely out there," says Riley. "They may be better than some things but seniors like to get together. They enjoy clubs and recreation-type activities. I don't know how well they're going to go over."

But for seniors who want to live in their own home and at the same time be close to their family in case of emergency, garden suites may be ideal. "It's a special type usage," says Williams. "It doesn't replace alternatives, it adds

to them."

But it remains to be seen if the interest in garden suites in Atlantic Canada will be translated into strong enough pressure for politicians to make the needed changes.

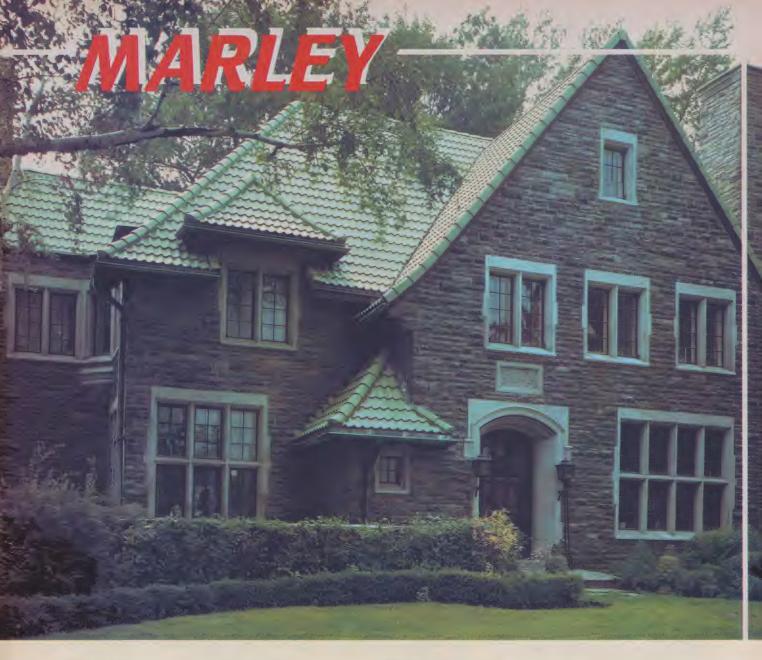
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PROFILE



Elizabeth Weir: healing rifts in her party, learning to speak French and fighting 58 Liberals are her main leadership challenges

Last minute challenge sends message to new leader

While the new leader of the NDP has her detractors, most agree she's just what they need to succeed in New Brunswick

t was a tight race that Elizabeth Weir never expected to run. The newly-elected leader of the New Brunswick New Democratic Party went into the spring convention assuming that the position was hers.

But an eleventh-hour challenge mounted by labour forced an election between Weir, the party's executive director for the past five years, and Mona Beaulieu, a well-known labour activist from Edmundston. For Weir, who had already distributed her acceptance speech, it was unexpected and a bit embarrassing. Nonetheless, after an impromptu campaign speech, she scraped through. But the vote was close — 50 to 45 — and many delegates left the convention hoping that the challenge would be interpreted as a strong reprimand to the party's executive.

What that reprimand was for, however, was not exactly clear. While the media analyzed it as a split between labour and the "intellectual" wing of the party, some delegates said it was because the party was being run by a clique. Rumours to that effect had been floating around even before the convention. Others blamed it on dissatisfaction with decisions made by the executive during last October's election campaign, and carried out by Weir, the party's most visible person on a day-to-day basis.

Weir admits that there were decisions made that were unpopular with some party members. "Especially in a provincial election campaign where we knew the possibilities of electing were going to be very, very difficult, all the resources had to be concentrated on the priority ridings," she says. "It was more important that we elect someone than that you get another x-number of pamphlets for



PROFILE

A \$145,000

debt is another

challenge

facing the new

leader

your riding," she says.

Tim McCarthy, president of the New Brunswick Federation of Labour who seconded Beaulieu's nomination, admits that this was a factor. "There were people in the labour movement, especially C.P.U. (Canadian Paperworkers Union) people, who ran as candidates and didn't feel they got the support of the party," he says. Beaulieu's nomination was made by Elmo Whittom, a C.P.U. vice-president.

The more serious criticism was that the party was being run by a clique. Ann Gushurst, 26, has been involved in NDP politics since she was 14 years old. She is president of the Saint John West Riding Association and member of the provincial council, the ruling body of the party between conventions. Gushurst says there

were serious concerns about how decisions were being made and who was making them.

For example, Gushurst says a provincial organizer was hired in Saint John without the decision to do so ever passing through provincial council. As well, according to Gushurst, people were being handpicked to sit on the executive. "The executive was, in effect, picking itself,"

she says. "A position like treasurer got filled that way, rather than passing before the membership as it should have."

Gushurst says it was difficult to find out who was making such decisions, although she believed that Weir was one of the people responsible. "If I was a party activist and I didn't know what was going on, then something is seriously wrong," she says.

Weir, however, rejects such criticism. "It was an easy charge to make, but these were all people who held elected positions in the party. They were elected as the president, as treasurer, to do the work and make the decisions. The allegations were somehow that this was an undemocratic

group," she says.

Nonetheless, to heal whatever rifts exist is now the challenge facing Weir, as she heads a provincial party (the first woman in New Brunswick to do so) that has seemingly taken one step forward and two steps back. The NDP elected its first member, Bob Hall from Tantramar, in 1982 during an election in which the party ran 54 candidates. A second member was elected during a by-election three years later, but it wasn't long before Peter Trites defected to the Liberals.

The party ran a full slate of 58 candidates for the first time in 1987, but in

the Liberal sweep, lost its only member. "At 60 per cent of the vote going to the Liberals, there are no seats for the opposition parties," Weir says matter-of-factly. Most New Democrats don't hesitate when asked the biggest problem now facing the party in New Brunswick. "Fifty-eight elected Liberals," says former leader George Little who stepped down after two unsuccessful attempts to win a seat. The party is also saddled with \$145,000 debt.

Weir has been involved in the party since she came to the province in 1979 to accept a teaching post at the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton. A lawyer by training, she was born in Belfast, Northern Ireland, but grew up in Toronto. She took her law degree at the University of Western Ontario in

London, specializing in labour law, and later articled with the Ontario Labour Relations Board.

Weir has a reputation of being confident, articulate, and some say, too pushy about women's issues. For example, during the last federal election, she pushed to have equal numbers of male and female candidates, although not everyone agreed with the idea. "The word I some-

times hear is 'shrill,' "she says. "I guess I just quietly and sometimes not-so-quietly am amused by it. I think it's a reflection of attitudes that are no longer

acceptable."

"The problem with Elizabeth Weir," says supporter David Brown, who cochaired her leadership campaign, "is that she doesn't suffer fools gladly. She's very bright, and some people are afraid of bright, strong, political women." Nonetheless, even some of Weir's critics have good things to say about her. "I suspect she'll be a high profile, very verbal, very involved leader. She'll present a very good image for us," says Gushurst.

The most immediate challenge now is to find the money to pay Weir, who has promised to be a full-time leader. The other is to attract Acadian members, and dispel the well-deserved reputation that the NDP in New Brunswick is an anglophone party. Weir has been hurriedly

trying to learn French.

The longterm goal, according to Weir, is to become the official opposition after the next election, something she believes is realistic. "We've never been shoulder-to-shoulder with the Conservatives before (in terms of seats)," she says. "That's what the election brought. It was a great leveller."



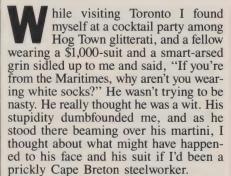
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HARRY BRUCE'S COLUMN

Literati meets glitterati



But it wasn't 'till I got back Down Home that the crack really began to irritate me. How come this parochial pip-squeak from the glitzy salons of Hog-Town-Snob-Town felt he had the right to mock my neighbours, the great people of the East Coast? His insolent question was a small but classic example of the Upper Canadian arrogance that so infuriates Maritimers. Among themselves, they are often about as harmonious as a convention of fishwives, as amiable as the Hatfields and McCoys. But one thing never fails to unite them: an attack or sneer by an Upper Canadian on the character and culture of their salty corner of the country.

If what makes a Canadian a Canadian is not wanting to be an American, what makes a Maritimer a Maritimer is resentment against Central Canada. That's part of the story anyway. I've written a book about what makes Maritimers Maritimers, and I shouldn't be too hard on Toronto because it is Key Porter Books — whose offices are as far into the heart of Hog Town as you can get — that gambled a fat advance on my writing, and promises to spread it across the country this fall.

The book is called *Down Home: Notes* of a Maritime Son, and earlier this summer, I was back in Toronto to tell Key Porter sales people what it was all about. On the very day I gave my little pitch, the *Toronto Star* carried a story that, once again, revealed Toronto's monumental insensitivity towards the Maritimes. No less a figure than David Moll, chair of the Toronto Board of Education, had publicly suggested that Native Canadians, blacks, French Canadians and Maritimers produce high numbers of poor students because they are less concerned with education than other cultural groups.

This naturally aroused a fair bit of indignation. Dolly MacDonald-Jacobs, director of education for the Association

of First Nations, denounced it not only as a "gross generalization" but also as simply wrong. Whatever problems Natives had in school were the fault of education systems. And Clem Marshall, chair of the Black Secretariat in Toronto, described Moll's statement as slanderous, inaccurate hogwash. The chief problem that blacks faced in school lay in their teachers' attitudes towards them.

There are doubtless more Maritimers and offspring of Maritimers in Toronto than there are blacks and Native Canadians combined, but the Star didn't bother to ask any of them what they thought of Moll's weird notion that they lack conern for education.

Defending higher education in Atlantic Canada

Maritimers — educated Down Home — once dominated the legal profession out West. The Dalhousie Law School trained more lawyers than the Maritimes needed, and they sped westward, first to found law firms, and then to become judges, politicians and lieutenant-governors. Allan Blakeney, former premier of Saskatchewan, was merely one of a long line of Down Home men who made political history in the Prairies and British Columbia.

Down Home women were equally important to the maturing of the Canadian West. My Aunt Bess, who died at 94 a couple of years ago, devoted most of her life to teaching children in Edmonton. My Aunt Anna, who turned 95 this summer, taught kids in Turtleford, Sask., for nearly three decades. Their sisters Zoe and Carrie, both in their 90s now, were also schoolteachers for a while, and so was their mother Sarah. Moreover, the concern for education among my aunts was so great they all helped put their kid brother Charlie, my father, through Mount Allison University.

But they were scarcely unique. During the first half of this century, hundreds upon hundreds of Maritime women left home to teach in the Prairies and B.C.



Indeed, it's no great exaggeration to say that, for a time, Down Home women educated the entire Canadian West. In our own time, Haligonian Sharon Carstairs went to Alberta to teach, and wound up as the Liberal leader of Manitoba, and one of the most forceful political figures in the country.

I wonder how Pictou County, N.S. would react to Moll's opinion that Maritimers have little concern for education. As early as 1914, this one county — home of a few thousand education-obsessed Nova Scotia Scots — had produced 300 clergymen, 190 doctors, 63 lawyers, 40 professors, 26 missionaries, eight college presidents, four judges, two lieutenant-governors, two premiers, a chief justice, and countless politicians, scientists, business leaders and journalists.

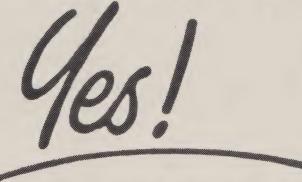
I wonder, too, what choice words my great uncle, the late Henry Marshall Tory, would have had for Moll. Tory merely founded the University of British Columbia, University of Alberta, Carleton University, the Alberta Research Council, and the National Research Council.

He said, "It is simply that some cultures don't place as high an emphasis as others on education, and it's a very slow process to change those attitudes. Chinese and Jewish people traditionally place a heavy emphasis on achievement...but each minority group is different." Now it may well be that some Maritime students, in Toronto, don't perform as well as some Jewish or Chinese students; but to assert that the difference is due to some cultural flaw in the Maritimes, defies national history.

The history, however, is largely about parts of Canada that aren't Toronto. It may therefore be outside the range of interest of the chair of the Toronto Board of Education. When my friends Barbara and Jack McAndrew returned to Prince Edward Island after eight years of the good life in Toronto The Good, Barbara said their decision annoyed some friends up there: "They thought we were totally insane. Some people took it as a rebuke. We had somehow looked down our noses at Toronto. Of course, Toronto thinks it's the centre of the universe anyway. You drop off the end of the world at Mississauga."

If the centre cared enough about the rest of the universe to try to understand it, maybe its school system would do a better job of teaching the youngsters who live there but weren't born there.

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PHOTO BY ERIC HAYES FOOD STYLIST/KATHERINE CHI

Country comforts

Farm fresh vacations delight guests with bountiful feasts from the garden and the orchard

by Colleen Thompson here's something very special about a farm vacation in the fall. Crops are ready for harvesting, animals are fat from halcyon days of summer grazing and farm hosts are beaming, happy with their hay-filled barns and anxious to share their produce. To be a guest at these tables is probably a dream shared by many of us including those who long ago left the farm and the city dweller who has only read of the delights of a family farm dinner. Farm vacations make it possible.

At Happy Apple Acres near Fredericton, N.B., the large apple orchard is the focal point for farm vacationers at the home of Margaret and Angus Hamilton, who also offer bed and breakfast accommodation. Margaret's cooling lemonade and crispy cookies, offered when you arrive, are an indication of the hospitality to come. The Hamiltons love to meet people.

"Sometimes," says Margaret, "the conversation is so interesting we sit around the breakfast table long after 11 a.m. when I should get going for the day."

Apple harvest time is best for a farm vacation on this orchard-oriented farm. Apples dominate the menu and guests are welcome to help with the harvest. Although two well-trained dogs and a cat are part of the Hamilton menagerie, there's no other livestock on the premises. Anyone who feels restless can help prune the trees or assist in any chore at all around the farm. But activities are up to the guest. If a good read on the sundeck is what you are after, there's an inviting library. Currie Mountain, which rises almost from the back door, is a gentle climb and a clear stream with water so pure it's drinkable flows through the gully on the other side of the property.

The Hamilton house, as well as the 150-year-old building behind it, contains several homey bedrooms and is set amid shady trees against a hillside. Guests chat with the Hamiltons as a meal is being

prepared in the open kitchen where red apple canisters hold cookies, and apple magnets pin notes to the fridge door. There's a "Please take one" recipe holder in one corner containing some of Margaret's most successful recipes, such as chunky apple muffins, cheesy apple pie and of course the noted apple syrup and fruited pancakes.

A favorite main dish of farm vacationers is Margaret's pork chops, baked with apples in the Hamilton's homemade cider, and served with fresh broccoli, zucchini, tomatoes or corn. Another specialty, boned shoulder of local lamb, stuffed with sage, bread crumbs, rice, onions, apples and walnuts is served with fresh mint sauce.

Joyce and Vernon Hudson and their family operate another type of equally enjoyable farm vacation at Broadleaf Farm about midway between Fundy Park and Moncton, N.B.

Broadleaf is a huge farm of 1,400 acres, with both tenting grounds and "live-in" arrangements. A commercial farm, it has 350 beef cattle as well as 50 horses and a riding stable. Most of the family is involved with the bed and breakfast and farm vacation program.

"We grow all our own vegetables," says Joyce, "and the beef and pork is our own."

Anyone is welcome to help with the chores of the season which, in the fall, include fixing up the barns, rounding up the animals or helping with the harvest.

"Still," insists Joyce, "if you want to stay in bed under homemade quilts and smell the coffee brewing in the kitchen, that's all right too. You get up when you want to and if you feel like doing nothing but chat or read, you can. The coffee is still there"

The breakfast table boasts at least six kinds of homemade jams and jellies to tempt her guests. With so much farmland, there's no shortage of fresh vegetables. One of the Hudsons' noted dinners include roast beef or pork with gravy, squash and other garden vegetables, lots of homemade condiments such as mustard pickles and Joyce's famed dilled green beans, along with apple or pumpkin pie. Goosetongue and samphire greens, mushrooms and cranberries often come from the nearby marshes.

On another night it could be baked brown beans with brown bread, fresh cabbage salad and a tasty mixture which New Brunswickers call "chop suey," made from macaroni, hamburger and fresh tomatoes. Joyce's airy biscuits and doughnuts could also be part of this mouthwatering old fashioned farm meal.

There's also a renewed vision of home that hosting farm vacationers has given Joyce's children and grandchildren. "When they take someone on a marsh ride and the visitor exclaims over the view, something we have taken for granted, my family sees it with new eyes too, and realize how lucky we have been to have these things at our doorstep, always."

Raspberry or apple pancakes

1 cup flour

1 tbsp. baking powder

1 tbsp. sugar

½ tsp. salt

½ tsp. cinnamon (for apple pancakes only)

Heaping cup of coarsely grated apples or raspberries

2 tbsp. oil

1 extra large egg

1 cup apple cider ½ cup milk powder

Beat egg well, add oil in steady stream, beating constantly. Add milk powder, continuing to stir. Add cider and dry ingredients, mix lightly and cook on a hot griddle.

Apple syrup

1 cup brown sugar ½ cup apple cider Boil together to syrup consistency 1½ cups of grated apples

½ tsp. cinnamon

Boil until apples clear and mix together.

Pork chops with apple slices

6 pork chops

1 large onion sliced thin 1½ - 2 cups apple cider

2 tbsp. flour

2 large unpeeled cored sliced apples

2 tbsp. brown sugar

½ tsp. nutmeg or cinnamon

Brown chops very lightly in frying pan. Place in shallow baking dish at 300-325 °F. In frying pan cook cider with flour and cinnamon along with scraps and juice. Pour over chops and layer apples over chops. Sprinkle with sugar, salt and pepper. Cover and cook for 30 minutes in 350 °F oven.





Martina Terbeek makes authentic Dutch cheese from a traditional recipe visitors can watch her create step by step from behind glass walls



Soon after she arrived in Prince Edward Island from Holland, Martina Terbeek discovered that all the Dutch cheese sold on the Island was imported from her native country. She was already making cheese for her own family from an old Dutch recipe when she decided to expand her efforts into the commercial realm. After negotiations with the various government departments, the Terbeeks received a federal and provincial licence to make cheese at their farm, which includes the right to export the cheese.

Stainless steel pasteurization and cheese-making equipment was imported from Holland and set up in a specially constructed building, located 100 feet from the barn. The milk is transported

through an underground stainless steel pipe to a vat where it is first pasteurized and then made into cheese. The whole process can take up to 10 hours, making 140 kilograms of cheese. "We have started slowly," says Terbeek. "The vat can hold 1,400 litres of milk and there are about 10 litres per kilo of cheese. Right now I am only making it twice a week."

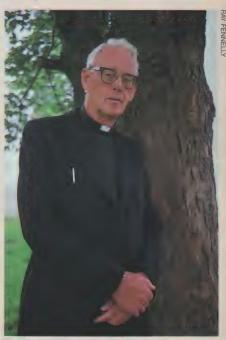
In the new building, the cheese-making and storage areas are plainly visible behind glass walls. Here visitors can watch Trebeek as she makes the cheese. On off-days, visitors can see the step-bystep cheese-making process in a series of photographs displayed on the wall.

All cheeses are dated and kept in a temperature-controlled storage room. The ripening or aging process takes from four weeks to six months or longer to produce mild, medium or old cheese. The North Winsloe cheese-making operation is open year-round from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily except Sunday.

— Brigitte VanVliet

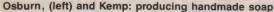
Prother Augustus Brennan's dream has come true. The retired Irish Christian Brother wanted to share his love of nature with young people. Last June, the Brother Brennan Environmental Education Centre opened on the Salmonier Line, 75 kilometres southwest of St. John's.

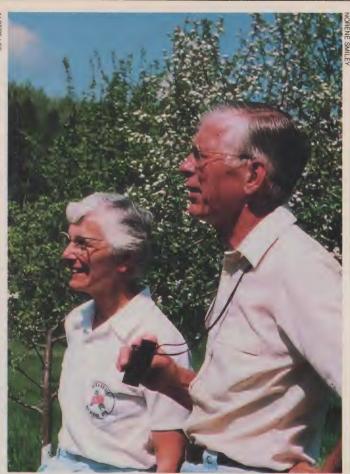
The new facility covers about 13 acres in a wilderness area, and is owned and operated by the Irish Christian Brothers. It provides school children with a location for environmental activities including botanical and zoological observation, geological exploration and general ecological education.



Brother Brennan shares his love of nature







The Bidwells: "breathtakingly beautiful" sights

The 66-year-old Brother's love of the outdoors began when he was hiking through the country. Years later when he was a teacher taking students on field trips into the country, he was amazed that they seemed unaware of what nature had to offer. He wanted to establish a place where children could study and learn to appreciate the outdoors.

Brother Brennan says he doesn't know "one person who is not the better for having an interest in the outdoors." He talked with Richard Coombs, a science consultant with the Roman Catholic School Board for St. John's about his idea. Together they approached the provincial government for the land to establish the outdoor centre.

The centre, complete with dormitory, lodge and classrooms, gives a good start to the concept of environmental education that Brother Brennan envisioned for the province. "I felt that if children knew about the outdoors they would love it and if they loved and cared about it, they would conserve it."

— Sheilagh Guy

Two women in Burlington, N.S. have found success in producing and marketing handmade soap. Anna Osburn and Pat Kemp started handcrafting soap as a hobby eight years ago, producing 30 bars weekly for personal use. Today they make 400 bars a day from their

North Mountain Soapery for distribution to Canadian and U.S. markets.

The two friends started with a recipe they found in an old magazine, but directions were sketchy and their first batch failed. They found more reliable instructions in a book on making soap. Encouraged by the results of a good recipe, Osburn and Kemp began selling their soap at local craft fairs. Within a year, they were wholesaling on a growing scale. Although the lion's share of their business is from clientele in the Maritimes, North Mountain Soap can be found as far afield as the Yukon and Disney World.

Pat and Anna acknowledge that eight years ago they knew nothing about making soap, or running a business. But after a period of experimentation, they have created a product that is both unique and varied. North Mountain Soapery produces nine different soaps, including bath bars, shaving soap, and health and beauty aids. The soapery also produces pot pourris, sachets, and bath salts.

"All of our products are blended carefully by hand in small batches to ensure the highest quality possible," says Pat. "Quality has been a cornerstone of our success."

- Alice LeDuc

igh on the banks of the Wallace River in Nova Scotia live a retired couple who graciously share their property —

with bald eagles. Even before their earlymorning coffee, **Shirley** and **Tony Bidwell** peer through the aging telescope that dominates their living room, to check on the eagles' nest atop a neighbouring pine. "They're part of our lives," says Tony.

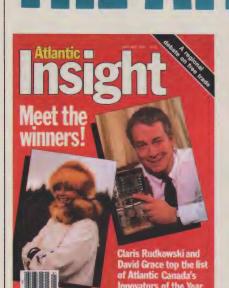
Despite their many interests the Bidwells are dedicated to observing and protecting the eagles' perching and nesting areas. Their care and patience has been rewarded by unusual sights and experiences: the hilarious can-can dance of a mating ritual one frosty February; the raucous gathering of a teenage eagle convention down river; the attempted rescue of a floundering student aerialist. The Bidwells delight in the large birds of prey that are, in Tony's words, one moment "breathtakingly beautiful, stern and majestic" and provide the highest "comic opera" the next.

There is, however, one drawback to consider while living in close proximity to nesting eagles. If you invade their territory, and to the Bidwells this means checking on the beehives at the end of their field, the eagles will hover close, talons extended, wings flapping, screaming nasty threats at your head.

This side-by-side existence for the last 20 years has resulted in the publication of *The Rivendale Eagles*, an entertaining personal account of the behaviour and family life of bald eagles in Wallace.

– Norene Smiley 🛭

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS





Innovators

OF THE YEAR AWARDS FOR 1988

This year marks the third annual Atlantic Canada Innovator of the Year Awards Competition. These awards, jointly sponsored by Atlantic Canada Plus and the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council in co-operation with *Atlantic Insight* magazine, are intended to highlight the achievements of the many innovators who play a key role in Atlantic Canada today.

To us, innovators are people who have come up with new ideas and activities which add to the quality of life in this region. They are in small business, building a new enterprise from scratch or large corporate organizations, working to identify new markets and new products. They are also found in many government organizations, co-ops, universities, research labs and our arts community.

A distinguished panel of judges named by the three sponsoring organizations will select candidates for a short list and name the winner. The January 1989 issue of *Atlantic Insight* will feature a cover story on the winner and the finalists.

We are soliciting nominations for this award. To nominate a candidate, write us a letter describing the achievements of the nominee and the ways in which he or she meets the criteria for this award. Provide as much information as you think appropriate. The deadline for nominations is October 14, 1988.

Nominees who are being considered by the judges for the short list will be contacted and asked to agree that their name should stand for this award.

AWARDS CRITERIA

The criteria which will be used to assess nominees for the Atlantic Canada Innovator of the Year Awards are as follows:

- originality of the nominee's ideas or activities
- a record of achievements in innovation,

indicating the candidate's ability to implement his or her ideas and activities

• the past, present and anticipated future benefits to Atlantic Canada of the ideas and activities of the innovator (benefits defined include economic, social and cultural)

Nominees for the award must live and work in Atlantic Canada.

Employees and directors of the sponsoring organizations are not eligible for nominations for the awards.

Write in confidence with your nomination to:

James Lorimer, Publisher Atlantic Insight 1668 Barrington Street Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 2A2

Deadline for nominations: October 14, 1988

Sponsored by:

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APEC



RALPH SURETTE'S COLUMN

Whose fault is it, anyway?

ast spring a group of grade school students and their teacher came to visit Halifax from Winnipeg as part of an exchange program. The teacher, I'm told, had fully briefed the students on what to expect and how to behave. Maritimers are very poor, the kids were told, but they have their pride — so don't go around making remarks about their circumstances. Students and teacher alike were taken aback to find that things in Halifax were "just like home." At about the same time I met a visiting Toronto editor who expressed his surprise that Halifax was "not poor."

How did these people get so grossly nisinformed?

It would be standard procedure here to deliver a swift kick to Central Canadian attitudes, and to the national press in particular for doing its usual number on the Atlantic Provinces. There is indeed a responsibility there, but there's another, much-ignored culprit hiding in the bushes — ourselves.

Whatever the process whereby we got to this stage — and the process is long and deep — we have created a distorted image of ourselves, a distortion which does not serve the best interests of the region in the long run.

What's worse, the money we have received from Ottawa for our pains is not always as bountiful as it seems. In many cases it's no more per capita than what they get elsewhere, including Ontario. It's just that since we're perceived to be a basket case, from the "national" perspective, anything that goes to Atlantic Canada is assumed to be charity.

I'm not saying that everything is hunky-dory in Atlantic Canada. I'm saying that we're a complex society that differs vastly from one part to another, especially from north to south, that can't be simply described as poverty-stricken, and that in fact it's counter-productive to do so.

But perhaps my visitors saw only Halifax — the East Coast's Hogtown. What about the poverty-stricken Atlantic hinterland? That sounds right, doesn't it — "poverty-stricken hinterland?" Some places don't quite fit the description, however. Western Nova Scotia has been booming for well over a decade. Labour shortages are common. Weekly newspapers in Yarmouth and other towns carry lists of jobs that go begging — and that's apart from the acute shortages of recent years during certain peak periods

of fish processing. The money that has been sloshing around the area as a result of good fishing especially, I can only describe as wealth (\$350 million in landings last year, from Digby to Lunenburg). I come from there. A friend in the construction business was recently — this is not uncommon — building a \$250,000 summer camp for a not particularly extraordinary guy who "sold a fish plant or something." There's an unemployment rate in Digby, Yarmouth, Shelburne, Queens and Lunenburg Counties collectively of about six per cent — full employment as far as I'm concerned, the six per cent accounted for by labour market discrepancies in which not all workseekers are suited to the available jobs.

Perpetuating the have-not image does not serve the region well

I was on Grand Manan Island lately. The biggest problems there are labour shortages. The new Connors Brothers sardine plant, for example, has been operating at half capacity this year for lack of workers. Moncton, according to a recent article in Atlantic Business magazine, is leading Maritime cities in a number of growth categories and appears to be overcoming the shock of the closure of the CN shops. Even unemployment in Cape Breton has dropped — and for the first time ever, according to the economists, in a manner unrelated to the ups and downs of steel or coal.

I've heard people — Maritimers — react the same way upon visiting Sydney as my visitors reacted to Halifax. No hordes begging or in rags. What a surprise! Again, this is not to minimize the unseen problems, or deny the unemployment and welfare statistics.

The experience of the past 50 years has given us a conditioned reflex. If things are going well, we're incapable of admitting it. A fisherman on Nova Scotia's eastern shore, asked how things were



going, said: "Fine, but don't say it out loud." This was told to me privately by another journalist some time ago. He hadn't used the fisherman's words in his story. After all, someone might have had something to say to both of them. One does not break the prevailing dogma with impunity: that grinding poverty is the norm in Atlantic Canada. If the word gets out that some things are okay Ottawa might cut off its perceived favours, which are in reality not favours at all but national obligations that apply everywhere.

For the average Atlantic premier, over the past 30 years if not longer, the ultimate political victory could be defined as extracting money out of Ottawa. Oratory rising, a premier with an election in the offing will announce a project — a megaproject usually, with political rather than practical application — then in dénouement will state that he's either going to charm or beat the money out of Ottawa, depending on what his relationship is with the federal government. No matter how he's going to get it the message goes out: panhandling is these provinces' highest political aspiration.

The wrongful image of Atlantic Canada as a place of unrelieved despair where nothing can go right no matter how much money is spent carries further dangers. It has provoked a hardening of attitudes towards Atlantic Canada in Central Canada — the notion arising that if nothing can go right, then why bother? It's a notion provoked also in part by the free-enterprising, pay-your-own-way spirit afoot in the land. In fact, it brings us around to the infamous Saturday Night episode. The magazine's editor wrote a vicious shut-down-the-Maritimes satire that rather overshot the mark. He apologized in a subsequent issue, but somehow it still underscored the point.

The point here is that policies made on wrong assessments will give wrong results. Tons of money have been wasted in Atlantic Canada over the past couple of decades. I think of regional development on the large scale, but on the small scale I think of make-work and other money that goes to unneedy as well as needy areas on the theory that everyone is equally hard-up, and that only succeeds in turning formerly productive citizens into manipulators of grants, and in demoralizing their neighbours. It's time for some re-thinking.

There's more, but I've run out of space. I'll return to the subject.



FLASHBACK

The end of the line

The last chapter has been written on the somewhat hapless but always fascinating story of the "Newfie Bullet"

t's hard to imagine that the next generation of Newfoundland children will not be able to put their pennies on the railroad track and wait for a train to flatten them out. They will not watch trains winding across the intersections through their towns or listen to its whistle on a still night as it makes its way past their house. The closest Newfoundlanders will now come to trains and tracks is through history books and stories by those who worked and rode the rails in earlier days, because the Newfoundland railway is shutting down September 1.

Financial problems have plagued the railway, but that's not a new development. Since its inception, the railway has been losing money, and it's been hampered by bad weather and the narrow gauge track.

It seems like the idea of a railroad in Newfoundland was never meant to succeed.

The idea of building a railroad in Newfoundland first surfaced in 1847. It was initially suggested that a railroad track be built on the road between St. John's and Portugal Cove. Nothing ever came of this early suggestion and the idea was shelved for a while. In 1865 the idea was revived and the legislature passed a resolution offering to give land and grants to any company willing to start construction of a railway.

Those in favour dreamed of making Newfoundland, a colony totally dependent on the uncertain fishery, the international link for communications and transportation between Europe, Canada and the United States. It was proposed that passengers and cargo would travel by ship to St. John's and then over the railroad to St. George's Bay as part of the great North American system.

As well, of course, the railway was expected to create jobs, open up the riches of the minerals discovered in the island's interior and bring prosperity to the people.

These optimistic predictions did not go unchallenged, and the leader of the opposition, Charles Fox Bennett, rallied people against the idea by calling the railroad a step toward Confederation with Canada. He said very little time would be saved by travelling across Newfoundland and he suggested many would prefer to travel a bit longer rather than transfer from ship to train and then train to ship.

As it turned out Newfoundland did not become an international link. A railway survey was completed in 1876 and cost the government \$20,000 — twice the estimated \$10,000 initially quoted. This added



The last run will be September 1

fuel to the fire for Bennett and the opposition.

In 1880 a Joint Committee made up of members of the Legislative Council and House of Assembly suggested that a narrow gauge railway could be constructed at a moderate cost. Newfoundland's Prime Minister William Whiteway read the report and moved first reading of a bill. It was passed in both Houses and received Royal assent April 17, 1880.

In 1881 the government signed a contract with Blackman's syndicate, the Newfoundland Railway Company, to construct a railway from St. John's to Green Bay. The government offered them an annual subsidy of \$180,000 for 35 years and 5,000 acres of land for each mile they railed.

The first sod was turned on August 9, 1881, by Lady Whiteway near the Hotel Newfoundland. Work got underway, but the sight of surveryors in the area caused misunderstandings and some trouble. Residents were disturbed that surveryors were walking through their gardens and destroying vegetables. One of the agitators told the local people that the survey poles and red flags meant the land was being claimed for Canada.

The fear of losing their land sparked what has since been referred to as the Battle of Foxtrap. About 600 people toting

guns and sticks worked themselves into a frenzy, confronted the railway workers, and made off with their instruments. Police were dispatched from St. John's to protect the workers and after much talking and the arrest of their leader, the crowd dispersed.

Sixty miles of track was completed when funds ran out and the company went into receivership. Blackman was out of the deal but his British backers decided to continue the project, they completed the track as far as Harbour Grace.

A 26-mile branch railway was built to Placentia in 1888. It started out as a highway and ended up linking Whitbourne to Placentia by train.

In 1889 the government decided it was too costly to continue the work. They invited companies interested in completing the task to submit tenders. The Robert Reid Company of Montreal secured the contract, it was signed in 1890, and construction began once again.

struction began once again.

By 1893, the rail was completed almost as far as Notre Dame Bay. The government intended to stop there, but realized if the railway was to be a success it needed to go all the way to Port aux Basques. At the time Port aux Basques was part of the French shore and, as a result, under the control of France. A deal was worked out and the railway was completed all the way to Port aux Basques. The first passenger train left St. John's for the trip across Newfoundland on June 29, 1898. The 547-mile trip took 27 hours and 45 minutes.

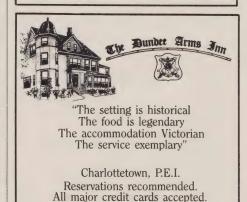
The Newfoundland government made a deal with Reid's in 1909 to start building branch lines from Clarenville to Bonavista, Broad Cove to Heart's Content and Grate's Cove, from Goobies to Fortune Bay, Deer Lake to Bonne Bay and from St. John's down the shore to Trepassey. Reid's was given \$15,000 per mile and 4,000 acres of land for this project. Although it was losing money operating the rest of the railway, the branch line projects turned a profit for Reid's. Most were operational by 1915. At that point the rail and steamship operations had cost the company almost \$1.5 million.

Constructing the railway had cost the government more than \$22 million and it wasn't earning its keep. There were not enough people or freight on the island to make it lucrative. Nonetheless, it was employing people, it had opened up the interior, and gave other harbours outside St. John's a chance to develop. While the people were pleased with the railway, Reid's wasn't. The company was anxious to sell. They tried to sell the railway to Canada with the understanding that confederation would follow, that plan failed and Reid was stuck with the operations.

The tracks needed work, but rising coal costs and a lack of profits meant no money was allocated for upgrading. By 1920 Reid's refused to carry the burden alone and with pressure from their banker







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FLASHBACK

they turned to the government. A joint commission was set up to manage the rail and steam operations. A government board replaced the commission the following year. Reid's tried to continue with financial assistance for a few years but, by 1923, the company was out and the government inherited the financially plagued operation. Reid's received about \$2 million but that hardly offset their total losses of about \$6 million over the 33 years they were involved.

From 1925-1929 the main line was rerailed with 70 pound rails, which meant heavier loads could be handled at faster speeds. The railway obtained new locomotives and other improvements were made as cost-cutting measures. But before they could get much done the Second World War broke out. With the construction of American bases and arrival of American soldiers the railway was overburdened. While upgrading was needed, the finances weren't available. The Americans came to the rescue and provided funding. Passenger and freight traffic increased and for the first time the railway broke even. For a few years it even turned a small profit.

It was the American soldiers who named the Newfoundland Express train, the "Newfie Bullet," because it was so slow. It averaged a speed of about 10 miles per hour. When servicemen were using the Bullet to cross the island it was infamous for its rowdy parties. Soldiers facetiously claimed that you could get off the first car to berry pick and have a bucket full by the time you jumped back on the caboose. Another favourite story was about the woman who told the conductor she needed a doctor because she was about to have a baby. "You shouldn't have gotten on the train in that condition," he scolded her. "I wasn't pregnant when I got on," she replied.

The slowness of the train was attributed to a number of factors. The low weight of the rails, numerous curves, snow drifts, and heavy winds.

The wind was so strong on the west coast, in the Table Mountain area, the railway had to hire a wind sniffer. Mr. Lauchie McDougall, a trapper and farmer who lived at Wreckhouse, would go out and sniff the wind to determine if it was safe for the train to go through. A natural windtunnel resulted in winds as high as 140 kilometres an hour. It was known to blow trains off the track, so McDougall was paid \$140 a year to walk the track and warn the dispatchers of winds that could blow cars off the track. He did this for 30 years before his death in 1965, after that his wife took it over and continued the practice until 1972.

In 1949 Newfoundland joined Canada under Confederation and the Canadian National Railway took over the railway. They continued to improve the operation

and adopted more modern practices from the mainland system. Things improved a bit, but, simultaneously the Trans Canada Highway was being constructed — a factor which would later be detrimental to the railway in this province. Railway cuts were widened and the tracks were raised in the Gaff Topsails, to allow the trains to get through more easily during the winter months.

The highway was completed and paved in 1965 and it immediately competed with the railway for moving people and freight across the island. For speed there was no comparison, although the railway had lopped about six hours off its original time for crossing the province, the 22-hour trek was far behind the 14 hour bus run. Consequently, the passenger express train had its last run in 1969.

The Newfoundland railway was suffering from the loss of train passengers and freight customers, but they couldn't compete with the lower rates and quicker service the highway travel could provide. Canadian National was losing millions annually on its operations and by 1976 the rail itself was losing \$23 million. Its counterpart of the water, the Marine service, was losing \$70 million annually.

CN's president, R.A. Bandeen, decided that the company's policies had to be reviewed, with respect to Newfoundland, and he recommended that a commission of inquiry be set up. This request was approved by the federal government and Arthur Sullivan headed up the commission, the results of which were released in 1979. It recommended that the railway be phased out over a 10-year period, effective immediately. Both levels of government rejected this suggestion.

A program to revitalize the railway was proposed and over the next few years improvements, such as the introduction of container service and artificial rates, resulted in increased freight. Things were on the upswing, but a container ship operator complained that the railway freight rates were below cost and therefore unfair competition. In 1983 and 1984 the railway had to raise its container rates, until 1985 when the federal government stepped in. The following year the Canadian transportation commission made them raise their rates again and the volume of freight suffered because of the uncertainty and price increases.

The Newfoundland government appealed the order to raise rail rates, and the commission ruled that Newfoundland was entitled to freight rates comparable to the mainland, because of the province's Terms of Union with Canada. Unfortunately, the decision came too late and many companies had already switched to other modes of transportation during the five years of uncertainty.

In 1986 a federal program review concluded that the railway in New-



Some claimed the Newfie Bullet was so slow, you could get off the train, pick a bucket of berries and jump back on the caboose

foundland was not viable and should be shut down. The union representing railway employees and towns relying on the railway for their very existence opposed the idea and negotiations between the province and Canada for a satisfactory deal began. The talks broke down, and then Ottawa announced a \$48.6 million modernization program. For a while, everyone breathed easily and felt secure in the knowledge that the government was trying to improve the situation rather than trying to get out of it.

Heavy losses continued to plague Terra Transport and in 1986 they lost \$41.3 million with no sign of improvement for 1987. By the end of the year there are rumours that an agreement between the federal and provincial governments is in the works. During 1988 the media continued to report that a deal was near and

those who will be affected spent their time trying to show the disadvantges of closing down the railway.

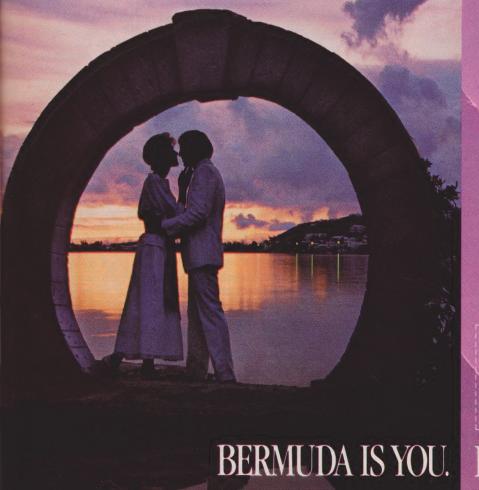
In June the federal government announced that a \$800.6 million transportation agreement has been approved by all parties. This provides about \$405 million for highway upgrading, to bring the Trans Canada Highway in the province up to national standards. Another \$235 million will be spent on trunk roads. A total of \$8.1 million will be spent to improve port facilities in St. John's and Argentia and another \$15 million will be allocated to Port aux Basques to compensate for the loss of a railway, because the two communities rely heavily on it for employment. Another \$70 million will be spent to aid employees of CN in Newfoundland, who will be affected by the close out.

The trains will officially stop Sep-

tember 1, but will continue for an extra month if necessary to give customers time to make alternative arrangements.

Arthur Sullivan, the man who headed the railway commission of 1979 agrees with the decision to close it out but he isn't pleased with the package being offered. "I certainly think a better deal was possible. The commission recommended that compensation for closing the railway be held in perpetuity," he says.

Mike Walsh, general chairman for the Brotherhood of Railway Airline Clerks in Newfoundland, is cautious about his comments. "We can't say whether or not we like the deal because we don't have a deal, we're negotiating now for the union. We've been fighting for 20 years to keep the railway open and we've lost that battle. Now we're trying to get the best deal possible for our members.'



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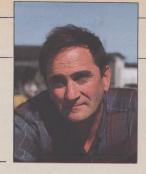
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RAY GUY'S COLUMN

Rhubarb: if the symbol fits...



o grass, I think, within the precincts of our new united Atlantic Capital on the top of Kelly's Mountain in what is now Nova Scotia. Instead, rhubarb...of which more later.

My sketch for our new capital — alabaster halls, Irving pumps, the world's largest macramé kiosk, etc. — has had a mixed response.

There've been sneers from supercilious Halifax, brute indifference up and down the Saint John valley, fixed-link smokescreens from Twee-E.I. and death threats from missing-link country here at home.

But from this end, the push goes on for a united Atlantic Canada. Here in the Happy Province we're trained, from the cradle onward, to take the longer view.

On a positive note, there have been at least two persons hail me on the street to agree that Atlantic union was the coming thing. Both were out on a day pass from a nearby mental facility. The question asked by both was: "Did your vision of alabaster halls at the top of Kelly's Mountain come to you in a flash or did it creep up on you...like the Big Person's fingers at the climax of *This Little Piggy Went to Market*?"

"In a flash," I replied, recalling well the occasion. William Blake, at the age of four, glanced out the window of his father's study and saw God looking in at him. This primed him to construct, in later years, his blueprints for the New Jerusalem.

The equally startling genesis of my own dynamic Vision occurred at 2:30 p.m. in driving rain with slipping gears, two squalling youngsters in the back seat, near the top of the said Kelly's Mountain. Not God, perhaps, but small difference ... an A.C.E. transport truck was coming at me in the wrong lane.

A curious thought flashed through my mind... "If I lived here, I'd be home now" ... and so was born the singular concept of a great Atlantic Acropolis on that very spot, a gleaming beacon and a symbol of one people with one philosophy, one purpose — i.e. pounding the spit out of Upper Canada.

I am vexed when lesser intellects pooh-hoo the Vision but am never cast down. We Newfs have sound underpinnings. See "Harold Horwood — An ego as invulnerable as the Rock," *Atlantic Insight*, July 1988, and go aft and cut bait you hangishores!

But on with the landscaping. I am

dead set against grass within the precincts. Lawn spread outside those marble colonnades would be seen, even by tourists from Etobicoke, for the cruel joke it was.

We're talking New Atlantis here. You don't have to be a third generation Summerside fox-breeder to know what a nasty symbol of oppression lawn is in the old Maritimes. It is a subjugating trick played by the merciless manipulators from the Golden Triangle.

What twisted genius in — possibly — Hamilton, Ont., was first inspired to make us slaves to lawn and lawning? It had to be someone who knew that, amid the Atlantic mists, grass grows like unemployment in November. But it took real Bay Street gall to sell us \$47-million in lawn fertilizer each year to drive it crazy altogether.

We were sold a bill of goods. We were trained to be lawn idolators. We were taught that grass was refined, that grass was upper class, that the better sort of citizen in Oshawa, Ont., would rather be caught with a Toyota than have no lawn on which to feature a plastic flamingo.

Do they have a watermelon patch in front of N.A.A.C.P. headquarters in the States? No grass, then, within the boundaries of our Brasilia North on Kelly's Mountain.

Gravel would be nice, symbolizing as it does, that we're all bits of the greater boulder, but it tends to collect chewing gum wrappers. It is also poor footing for the sandal-clad.

Granite slabs, I think. Burle Marx did great things at Brasilia with bold sweeps of leafy tropicals. What say — with a tip of the hat to sterner latitudes — we go with rhubarb?

Monumental swaths of rhubarb defining the great sweep of granite pavement and bleating tourists. We don't have to call it that. The better sort of citizen in Oshawa, Ont., would know it as Rheum rhabarbarum L. as it was first cultivated at Padua botanic gardens by Prosper Alpinus in 1608.

We see here how a touch of class may be achieved, inexpensively, by a mere flick of the pen. Same with the free gaspump coffee mugs out front. Call them "Royal" something-or-other, stick them in wooden shipping crates and who quibbles about Taiwan?

I make no apologies for an arbitrary decision on rhubarb. Otherwise we'd bog down in a blistering scrimmage over the old provincial floral emblems. At that rate, Ottawa could wait forever for a salutary Atlantic knee to the participles.

Rhubarb is both decorative and useful. I had lady slipper tart once and don't recommend it.

More to the point, rhubarb is a lot like Atlantic Canadians. It doesn't go down well unless you ginger it up. Apples are also nice with it as are raspberries in season, which is more than you can say for trillium pudding.

There's a die-hard Scots element, I know, especially in what will then have been known, anciently, as Nova Scotia which will cling to the thistle.

which will cling to the thistle.

"Och, aye," they will pronounce scornfully of rhubarb, "ye would nae get your snotty-nosed wee tourist bairns playing sae free and loose wi' the brae, brict, bonnie wee thistle. Och, aye."

Let them take heart that we have a fair substitute in rhubarb. The bonnie wee rhubarb is not to be trifled with, either, the leaves being poisonous. Many's the Ontario station wagon would head home with new-found room in the back for lobster pots and macramé do-dads!

I rest my case for rhubarb as the symbol for a united Atlantic Canada except to point out the obvious. Would you have the cheering multitudes waving mayflower fronds (!) at the triumphal entry of Allan MacEachen into the new Atlantic Jerusalem?

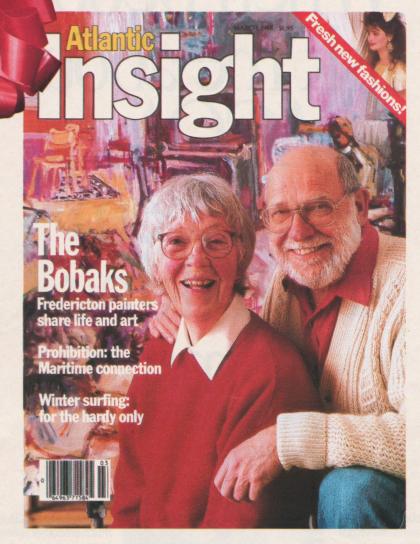
Also, a passable rhubarb wine can be whipped up in times of regional emergency such as the U.I. cheques being late again and the clever Japanese make fine, supple handbags from rhubarb leather.

Speaking of which, you'll get not a few Upper Canada philistines who will look out over the immense parterres of granite and rhubarb and say, "Bit bare, innit? I'd fancy a nice truck tire or so stuck full of petunias."

Here's where we've got them by the aesthetic short hairs. Much east of Madawaska, N.B., and they're out of their artistic depth. We in the scrutable East see much more in much less...the natural result of rain, drizzle and fog on one side of the window and lousy TV reception on the other.

In time to come, we'll touch on the new Flag, the new Ode, the new Bird, the new Postal Service, the new Counter Espionage Service, the new Joe Ghiz Legislative Toga...

From this end, the push goes on for a united Atlantic Canada!



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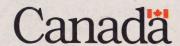
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